the weekly
Standard

JUNE 10, 1996 $2.95

BILLY GRAHAM BY CARL M. CANNON • • • **MILAN KUNDERA** BY FREDERIC RAPHAEL

INTO THE WHITE WATER

The Verdict Is In
Tod Lindberg

• • •

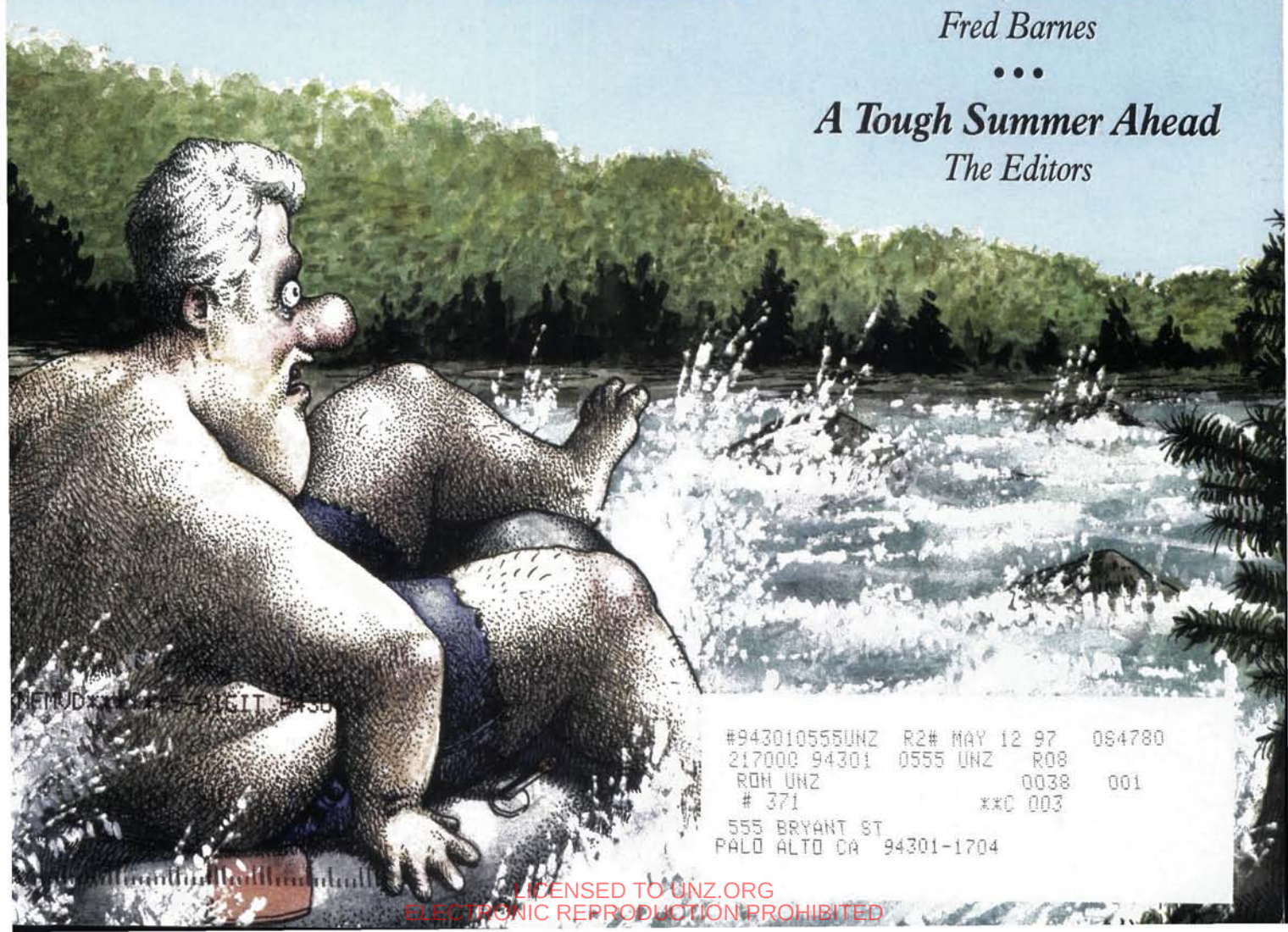
The Blunderer Returns
Andrew Ferguson

• • •

The Perils of Me-Too-ism
Fred Barnes

• • •

A Tough Summer Ahead
The Editors



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APPEAL TO THE SENATE of the United States

The **PUERTO RICO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE** is an organization of business, and trade associates representing all sectors of the Puerto Rican business community. With a broad spectrum of 1,800 members and 60 affiliated associations the Chamber plays a leadership role in the promotion of business within the Island; strengthening local economy and tourism; promoting the development of construction industry and industrial growth, among others.

AS CO-CHAIRMAN OF THE PRIVATE SECTOR ALLIANCE OF PUERTO RICO - whose membership includes the Puerto Rico Society of CPA's (2,700); PR Manufacturers Association (2,000); Professional Engineers and Land Surveyors of PR (9,000); PR Bankers Association (17 institutions); and Association of General Contractors of PR (400); among others - **THE PUERTO RICO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE APPEALS TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE TO DEFEAT H.R. 3448 AS APPROVED BY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON MAY 14, 1996 WHICH REPEALS SECTION 936 OF THE INTERNAL REVENUE CODE.**

We call your attention to the following:

- This bill provides certain tax relief benefits only to small businesses on the United States, funding them **with the repeal of Section 936 of the Internal Revenue Code.**
- None of these benefits would be available to small businesses in Puerto Rico. The cost of the same, though, would be borne exclusively by Puerto Rico; **the poorest jurisdiction under the U.S. flag.**
- We are especially dismayed by Congress in moving legislation which has the potential of destroying the employment opportunities as well as the hopes and aspirations **of many of the U.S. citizens in Puerto Rico.**
- In spite of constant requests from the private sector, **Congress has not granted us an opportunity to be heard on this vital issue.**
- The repeal of Section 936 would move thousands of persons from the rolls of the gainfully employed to the welfare rolls -a result which we understand to be counter to the avowed policy of Congress and the Administration. **It will destroy a basic underpinning of Puerto Rico's economy.**
- MORE THAN 300,000 PERSONS ARE DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY EMPLOYED BY 936 CORPORATIONS. **The substantial investments which have been made by local government in developing its human resources and infrastructure will go to waste.**
- The repeal of the investment provisions of Section 936 could have an impact on the island's financial system and will certainly **terminate all - Section 936- funding for the Caribbean Basin Initiative.**

"It is a paradox that the bill, which is styled as 'The Small Business Job Protection Act of 1996' will eliminate a substantial source of employment in Puerto Rico, most of which is generated by the small business sector."

Please, stop this arbitrary action against Puerto Rico

The Puerto Rico Chamber of Commerce
(787) 721-6060

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What Dole Is Doing to Get Powell on the Ticket

Bob Dole seems to be working overtime to recruit Colin Powell as his running mate. For example, Dole commented last week that he has asked his vice-presidential search team to look for candidates "outside of politics." More telling (and disturbing), Dole has stopped talking about racial preferences on the campaign trail, despite his earlier sponsorship of legislation designed to do away with them in federal programs.

Dole now does not mention the issue at all in his stump speeches. And he conspicuously refused to mention the California Civil Rights Initiative—which he vigorously endorsed only a few months ago—in California last week. CCRI is the landmark effort seeking to end racial preferences on the part of California state government, and it is popular in polls; it should win in November, and its potential for framing the debate in a way useful to Dole has been thought to offer Dole a real shot at winning California.

Even so, former governor George Deukmejian, who was along with Dole for the ride last week, dismissed CCRI as "not helpful." Deukmejian is close to Dole and very close to Ken Khachigian, Dole's new California campaign director. Insiders ascribe the campaign's sudden disdain for CCRI to Dole's desire to persuade Powell to join him on the ticket. In a recent Bowie State University commencement address, Powell strongly defended affirmative-action programs and explicitly attacked CCRI as a "misguided" effort that "poses as an Equal Opportunity Initiative, but . . . puts at risk every outreach program . . . and puts the brakes on expanding opportunities for people who are in need."

Dole apparently hopes to overcome Powell's reticence about the vice presidency by dropping racial preferences from his campaign.

Dole confirmed late last week that he intends to meet privately with Powell soon after departing the Senate at the end of this week. Sources high in the Republican campaign say Dole is convinced Powell has not truly ruled out being on the ticket—especially if the themes of the Dole campaign are ones Powell is comfortable with.

So there may be a better chance of a Dole-Powell ticket than people thought—a ticket that does better in polls than any other. The bad news, though, is that such a ticket might run a campaign that does not have much that is distinctively Republican or conservative about it. Even the most fervent Republican would have to wonder whether it is worth winning if the price of victory is the abandonment of an issue as central to conservative principle as the end of racial preferences. What would this say about a Dole-Powell administration?

Tom Friedman, Wash Your Mouth Out

Has any event ever been the subject of more blatantly biased news coverage than the Israeli elections? Ted Koppel said the Netanyahu win was "a devastating setback." Stephen Rosenfeld of the *Washington Post* argued that Israelis who voted for Likud are irrational and psychologically weak. Thomas L. Friedman of the *New York Times* compared Netanyahu to Russian Communist candidate Gennadi Zyuganov because they are both representatives of the past and of fear. The *Times*'s Joseph Berger was among the many who treated a Likud victory as a return to medieval fundamentalism. Meanwhile, all during the campaign, the Peres camp was rhapsodized as the "peace" party by American journalists and headline writers.

The coverage was no surprise to anybody who has spent time around Western correspondents as they trade anti-Likud gossip in the bar of the American Colony Hotel in East Jerusalem. But you'd think foreign editors back home would insist on a tinge of balance when they send their reporters off to cover foreign elections. And you would think that columnists like Friedman and Rosenfeld would have a little more discretion than to condescend to a democratic electorate that has just participated in a reasonably civil and high-toned election campaign. Rosenfeld may prefer Labor, but is it really "irrational" to vote for Likud—a party that has governed Israel for 15 of the last 19 years and under whose aegis, after all, Israel gave the Sinai and its $3 billion a year worth of oil back to Egypt in exchange for paper guarantees of peace? And while Friedman may prefer Peres to Netanyahu, it is tasteless in the extreme to compare this American-educated, freely chosen leader of a party committed to democracy to a neo-Stalinist anti-Semite.

More Adoption Nonsense

In her recent interview with *Time* magazine, Hillary Clinton boasted that she had supported legislation facilitating interracial adoption. Maybe Mrs. Clinton does, now that she supposedly wants to adopt a child; but where was she a couple of years ago?

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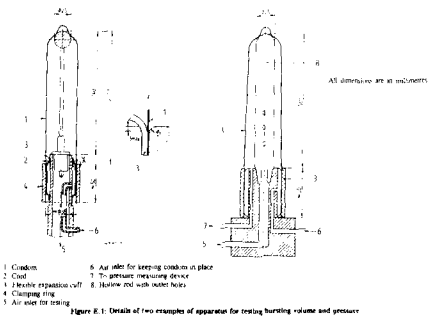
Scrapbook

While President Clinton did recently declare his support for Rep. Jim Bunning's bill easing restrictions on interracial adoption, his administration is a late convert to the cause. When then-senator Howard Metzenbaum introduced legislation in 1993 to lift race-based barriers, the bill received a very cool reception from the Clinton administration, particularly from Health and Human Services secretary Donna Shalala. Opposed to the legislation altogether were Shalala allies such as Marian Wright Edelman, head of the Children's Defense Fund, and the National Association of Black Social Workers, a Detroit outfit that has declared interracial adoption tantamount to "cultural genocide." In 1994, the Clinton administration tried but failed to prevent a vote on Metzenbaum's bill, but succeeded in inserting amendments making it permissible for adoption agencies to take account of race when placing children. Metzenbaum and adoption groups have pointed out that these amendments—which in private negotiations Shalala said had the support of the first lady and Edelman—gutted the intent of the bill. The president and the first lady can me-too this issue all they like, but the truth is the truth.

Rubber Soul

Wonder what a pan-European government might do? Here's one suggestive example: The Eurocrats in Brussels have just released 50 pages of regulations to harmonize EU standards for . . . condoms. The regulations offer interesting diagrams of how exactly condoms were tested for durability and strength, as follows:



Moreover, the standards are extremely helpful for those who are not able, without government direction, to open a condom package: "Move the condom inside the package such that it is away from the area where the package is to be torn. Tear the package and remove the condom. . . . Unroll the condom ensuring that it is not excessively stretched in any direction." But the bulk of the document gives precise instructions on how bureacurats can evaluate the condoms that are sold in their jurisdiction: "Examine the condom visually under normal or corrected vision." The standards raise the question, If European bureaucrats are so stupid that they have to be told to put on their glasses before looking at something, can they be trusted no matter how precise the regulations?

And these standards get plenty precise. The 50 pages are filled with prose like this: "Each lot shall be sampled in accordance with ISO 2859-1 general inspection level I, but utilising a minimum sample size and corresponding acceptance/rejection numbers equivalent to sample size code letter M." Furthermore, the air-flow-calibration test is to be conducted with "a volume flow rate at ambient temperature and pressure (Q) in cubic decimetres per second as follows":

$$Q = q\sqrt{\frac{(P_{barR} + P_{RIN}) \times T_{in}}{T_r \times (P_{bar} + P_{in})}}$$

Don't try that at home.

The Reading List

With Boris Yeltsin trying hard to deal with the problem of Russia's imperialist domination of Chechnya, The Reading List is reminded of two Leo Tolstoy works that shed real light on the subject even though they are 100-plus years old:

Anna Karenina, In which Levin rages against the Russian incursion into Turkey as an act of inappropriate nationalist fervor.

Hadji Murad, One of his few great late works, a novella about—yes!—a Chechen uprising against Russia.

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Casual

Cold War on Ice

I am an avid hockey fan—and also a great admirer of Ronald Reagan. As I watch the Stanley Cup playoffs this year, I can't help noticing the influence Reagan has had on the National Hockey League. Just look at some of the names playing in the NHL.

Growing up, I saw names like Bobby Orr, Phil Esposito, and Guy Lafleur on the backs of hockey jerseys. NHL players were mainly Canadian, with a handful of Americans and Western Europeans. Those days are long gone. The political and economic disintegration of the Soviet Union allowed many of Russia's top hockey talents to defect to the United States and Canada to play in the National Hockey League. They wanted freedom from a dictatorial hockey regime that paid them little and a government that did not care about the welfare of its citizens.

The first Russian player to defect was Sergei Priakin in 1987. His defection led to a torrent of emigration, as player after talented player left the socialism of the Soviet Union for the multi-million-dollar contracts, large homes, and freedom of North America. The best in the Soviet hockey world played for the Central Red Army team (CSKA) and were considered active members of the Soviet armed forces.

Thus, in the early days of the exodus, some players who defected to the West were classified as deserters, and military prosecutors in Moscow filed criminal charges against them in absentia. But only seven NHL seasons later, the Stanley Cup had its first Russian names on it, when the 1994 New York Rangers won the championship.

Today, the NHL has 55 Russian players, spread out through its 26 teams. Last Monday, I watched many of the best Red Army imports playing in a city where imports aren't widely applauded. Detroit Red Wing fans have dubbed their team's five Russians—Sergei Fedorov, Vladimir Konstantinov, Vyacheslav Kozlov, Vyacheslav Fetisov, and Igor Larionov—the "Detroit Red Army" and the "Wizards of Ov."

Together, these Russians, who sometimes take the ice as an all-Russian unit, have scored more than one-third of Detroit's regular-season goals. More important, though, have been their actions off the ice, which have been distinctly anti-Communist.

These and other transplanted Russians have been waging their own Cold War against the Russian Ice Hockey Federation in Moscow. The federation is putting together a Russian national team to compete in hockey's first-ever World Cup tournament in August and wants many of the NHL's Russians to play on it. But before they will play for Russia, they want Boris Yeltsin to dump the former Central Red Army coach, Col. Viktor Tikhonov, who is expected to head the national team that will play in the World Cup. Many of them played for Tikhonov and consider him as outdated and discredited as Lenin himself.

Tikhonov coached the Central Red Army team for more than a decade and also coached those dominating Soviet Olympic teams that regularly destroyed their competition. Since the demise of the Soviet Union, though, Russian hockey, once the pride of the nation, has been in a tailspin for lack of funding and what has become a civil war between the private sector and the Red Army for control of the sport. The Army has apparently won. Col. Tikhonov was fired by the Defense Ministry as coach of the CSKA, and the Army has now begun to pour millions of dollars into upgrading Russia's aging hockey facilities. "It was like an army coup," said the team's public relations director Viktor Gusev. "The military men walked in, and ten minutes later it was over."

One particular sore spot for the NHL's Russians is the sorry plight of their Red Army predecessors. Fedorov, Fetisov, and Larionov of the Red Wings have asked Yeltsin to give part of the proceeds of the World Cup championship to veterans of the Red Army team who played under the Communist system and never had a chance to make big bucks in North America. Many of them now can't pay their medical bills. Some Red Army hockey vets "die at age 40," says Fetisov. "My friends, guys who I played with for so many years, and their families don't even have money for their funerals. It's just brutal."

The Russian Federation struck back at Fetisov and Larionov, who have been the main thorns in Moscow's side, by keeping them off the preliminary list of players to represent Russia at the World Cup. Fetisov sees the Communists back at their old games. "It was a Communist country for 75 years, and the Communists are trying a comeback. Same old problems."

So at least on the ice, the Cold War isn't over. I hope Ronald Reagan is watching.

Daniel McKivergan

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Take A Look At Kodak's Failure In Japan.

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

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MONDAY, AUGUST 14, 1995

Kodak's Self-Inflicted Wound

an Kodak Co. has gotten the at-
the press and U.S. trade repre-
Mickey Kantor by claiming that
g competitor, Fuji Photo Film,
in anticompetitive practices i
g to control much of the distri
consumer film and paper
nd colluded with the Japane
ent in an effort to deny Kod
share. But the management lit
Kodak's history in Japan is
s—and unanimous—in its cr
the American photographic gi
lecting the Japanese market
to keep pace with the techni
ges of its leading competitor.
most compelling example co
usiness consultants James A
nd George Stalk Jr. in their
ark book, "Kaisha: The Japa
ation," where they summe
tismal situation: "The u

meager 11-man office to an enterprise to-
taling 4,500 employees. These included
managers, advertising and

In any case, these discussions can ob-
scure the larger point. "I clearly believe
that one of the biggest problems that Ko-
dak has in Japan is that for clearly 10

promises are considered sacrosanct
cisely because of the annual recruiting
cle, this self-inflicted wound may be
single worst marketing decision
made by a foreign company. It could
a generation to rebuild Kodak's re
tion—if it starts now.

One of the key questions in the cu
dispute is what Kodak's chairman, G
Fisher, hopes to gain from the trade a
In his previous role as chairman o
lorola, he was able to leverage the C
administration's threats of sanctions
pose not only a series of technical
dards on Japan but also actual purc
agreements on an individual Ja
company. That possibility seems le
likely in the current atmosphe
prospect of added protection for K
the domestic market also seems re

For his part, Mr. Sieg worrie
the potential for backlash in Japa
lieve the risks are higher than
wards," he said. "In a frontal co
tion with an entrenched compet
Fuji Photo Film, I can't envision
[American] government might
could gain Kodak witness general
of ill will on the part of the Japa
stary." Not to resolve the arg
and on record that the scheme

Manager's Jour

By Scott La

> **"I clearly believe that one of the biggest problems that Kodak has in Japan is that for clearly ten years of good opportunity, we neglected Japan... So you know, we did it to ourselves."**
>
> *Former President of Kodak, Japan*
> *The Wall Street Journal, April 14, 1995*

We've always believed that companies succeed the old-fashioned way—by investing, taking risks, and working hard. But in Japan, Kodak:

- Failed to offer innovative products
- Refused to compete on price
- Slashed investment and laid off Japanese workers.

Now Kodak wants the U.S. Government to make up for its mistakes.
A trade conflict over film is unnecessary, unjustified, and just plain wrong.

Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc.

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The "Whatever" Generation and Dole

John Podhoretz's "Dole, the GOP, and the Genetically Endowed" (May 27), while making some valid points about the importance of Bob Dole's freeing himself from the Senate, takes a rather snide tone about some of the younger members of the conservative movement and completely misreads the importance of pop culture in the American experience.

It's too bad Podhoretz finds us poor conversationalists, because a lot of the people at these fund-raisers are not Johnnies-come-lately riding in on the conservative bandwagon. Just looking at the host committee of No Left Turn, one finds activists who have been in the trenches for more than a decade. We may still look good, but that doesn't mean we haven't been through a lot of battles.

Podhoretz's throwaway lines also contain implications for the conservative movement and the Dole campaign: "The Genetically Endowed are conventional, in the deepest sense. They want to be taken account of in American culture, which, to them, means pop culture."

What we have on display here is a bias all too common in the conservative family: He says that the role of conservatism and Republicanism is "to defend the traditional structures of American life against the sustained attack over the past four decades by cool itself." In so doing, he categorically rejects the notion that culture and pop culture can or should be synonymous. In America, the distinction is a blurred one at best and, in fact, may be completely nonexistent.

The idea most quintessentially American is our belief in the capacity for perpetual rejuvenation and reinvention. It is evident in *Huckleberry Finn* and in the wild twists and turns of Richard Nixon's life. One of Dole's best speeches was his 1994 eulogy of Nixon. In that moving moment, he punctuated each major passage with two simple words: "How American."

Why should the Genetically Endowed revere an old warrior? Well, to borrow from (I believe) Alex Haley, grandparents and grandkids get along so well because they have a common enemy. Podhoretz stumbles onto the innate commonality between the generations by pointing out Dole's predilection for "whatever," a phrase overheard in most malls these days. The Genetically Endowed haven't faced what Dole has, true, but they realize that life is not the easy, rose-colored-glasses picture described by Clinton.

We will continue to be good partners, especially if Dole continues to show a measure of the "quiet desperation" he displayed in his resignation speech. It reflects a *Zeitgeist* shared by members of two "whatever" generations: the true veteran of the "hard way" and the youthful foot soldiers of the conservative movement who deserve more than having their commitments to the cause reduced to a dismissive so-called "genetic endowment."

ROBERT A. GEORGE
WASHINGTON, DC

After reading John Podhoretz's penetrating article, as well as practically every other article ever written in your magazine, I realize that I must not be a conservative.

As a child of the infamous 60s generation, I believe I can speak with some authority on the narcissistic elements in today's twentysomething generation. As Podhoretz so eloquently illustrates, the "Genetically Endowed" are ideological adolescents who are part of the 90s pop culture.

On a much deeper level, Podhoretz has exposed the Republican party and its revolution for what they have become, the most popular postmodern political illusion since the "Peace and Love" revolution so tightly embraced by many fellow "boomers" even today. God forbid, conservatism is chic, and that will be the seed of its (self-)destruction.

Perhaps no political concept can prevail whose first premise is to impose the rule of law over the majority (and the minority), regardless of genetic heritage. The conservatism of the Republican party has more in common with the "Genetically Endowed" than it realizes.

R. LYNN KELLEY
BENTONVILLE, AR

I don't get the point of John Podhoretz's denigration of the "Genetically Endowed."

Personally, I'm delighted that attractive young women are joining conservative ranks, that 30 of them formed "No Left Turn" and host fund-raising bashes for activist groups like my own Institute for Justice, and that they are bringing some fun and spirit to a movement that sometimes seems genetically dour.

CLINT BOLICK
ALEXANDRIA, VA

Keep Dole Honest

Fred Barnes certainly risked THE WEEKLY STANDARD's image with his fluff piece "The Born-Again Dole Campaign" (May 27). My only hope for a Dole victory in November was the constructive criticism directed at a truly inept campaign by honest conservatives on your editorial staff.

Does Barnes honestly think that Dole, or anyone else, can communicate the logic of a tax cut against a two-year Republican campaign for deficit reduction and budget balancing? Does he believe that Dole can convince the voters that he can change policies toward affirmative action and gay marriage? Good luck!

The only issues with zing in the presidential race are the issues dealing with government mismanagement, including the broke Medicare system, the

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so-called criminal-justice system, and the education system.

W.R. WATTS
BEVERLY HILLS, FL

THE REALITY OF CRIME

Thanks to Tucker Carlson for his defense of John DiIulio ("Letting Him Have It," May 27). Those of us who face juvenile predators, conscienceless and casual killers, purveyors of drugs, child molesters, and wolf-pack robbers know that DiIulio is telling the truth.

Those who have spent any time in law enforcement would agree that both anecdotally and empirically DiIulio articulates what we belly up to every day.

So Jerome Skolnick wants to know the conditions under which crime erupts? Ride with one of our law-enforcement officials on the third shift, or just come to court for a week or two. I witness the potency of DiIulio's message every day. His work has inspired my policy choices as a prosecutor and has given me faith in moments when I am not sure I can endure another set of autopsy pictures.

PAULA MARAS-ROBERTS
ANDERSON, IN

STOCK-MARKET SENSITIVITY

David Frum's "A Non-Pocketbook Election" (May 27) made some good points about how the economy can grow even in the face of bad economic policy. He erred, however, by including the stock market in his analysis.

The stock market, a gauge of the future health of the economy, is very susceptible to the great differences in the long-run path of economic growth that policy changes can make. For example, in the six years leading up to the GOP victory in 1994, the S&P 500 yielded a yearly return of 5 percent, adjusted for inflation. By contrast, it returned more than 30 percent in 1995.

Why the difference? Because GOP electoral success raised the chances of curbing entitlement programs that are on a trajectory that could cause a fiscal collapse sometime in the next century. Even slight limits on these programs can have a big effect on expectations about the future value of dollar-denominated assets, including the shares of U.S. companies.

ROBERT S. STEIN
WASHINGTON, DC

BEER, BETTER THAN LATTE

Chris Caldwell blew it ("Five Ways America Keeps Getting Better," May 27). While he was sipping latte in the poetry section of Borders, the rest of us were discovering the greatest boon to America since co-ed college dormitories—better beer.

Once reserved for the beneficiaries of Cecil Rhodes's plot to make Anglophiles out of the brightest young Americans and other international travelers, ales, strong lagers, and stouts are now available to the masses. The tyranny of watery beer has been overthrown.

JOHN CARNEY
CHEVY CHASE, MD

STARBUCKS, THE YUPPIE DREAM

Three cheers for Jackie Mason's courageous stand on Starbucks ("A Dissent on Starbucks," May 27). When will the public realize that the Starbucks Emperor really has no clothes? Mason points out (hilariously) that Starbucks sells you less coffee, less service, less taste, and less space for about five times the price. Starbucks, where you get less for more, may be a yuppie's dream, but this fiscal conservative won't pay more than a dollar for a coffee.

AUREN HOFFMAN
BERKELEY, CA

HANDLERS FOR QUAYLE

Regarding "Dole's Conventioneers" (Scrapbook, May 27), there were several of Dan Quayle's "handlers" who did many things for the candidate in the 1988 campaign, including Lanny Wiles. Your article unfairly lumped Wiles into the wrong camp.

There were several Reagan White House aides on that plane, including Ken Khachigian, Jim Ciccone, Wiles, and me, who were asked to pull together as a seasoned team to assist then-Sen. Quayle in his first national campaign. Once Quayle became comfortable with the rigors of a national campaign, you may recall that he shed his handlers and became his own "spin doctor." Yes, there were "GOP sources" who repeatedly took shots at the vice-presidential nominee in the 1988 election, but we were there to help him, not trash him.

DAVID P. PROSPERI
NORTHBROOK, IL

FEMINISM AND FAMILY WAGE

Congratulations on correctly identifying the role the feminist movement played in the elimination of the family wage ("A Return to the 'Family Wage,'" May 13) and on suggesting that this wage could be reconstructed under our present laws against sex discrimination by promoting "one breadwinner per family, but on a non-gender basis: The breadwinner could be either the husband or the wife."

In my book *The Power of the Positive Woman* (1977), I offered this suggestion: "Congress should amend the Equal Employment Opportunity Act of 1972 to authorize employers to give job preference in hiring and promotions and retentions during layoffs to the spouse designated as the 'principal wage earner' in each family. Each married couple could itself decide which spouse is to be designated as the principal wage earner, and this decision would be registered with the Social Security Administration. Where there is only one parent, he or she would be the principal wage earner. This plan would be wholly voluntary, and it has the logic of simple justice."

PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY
WASHINGTON, DC

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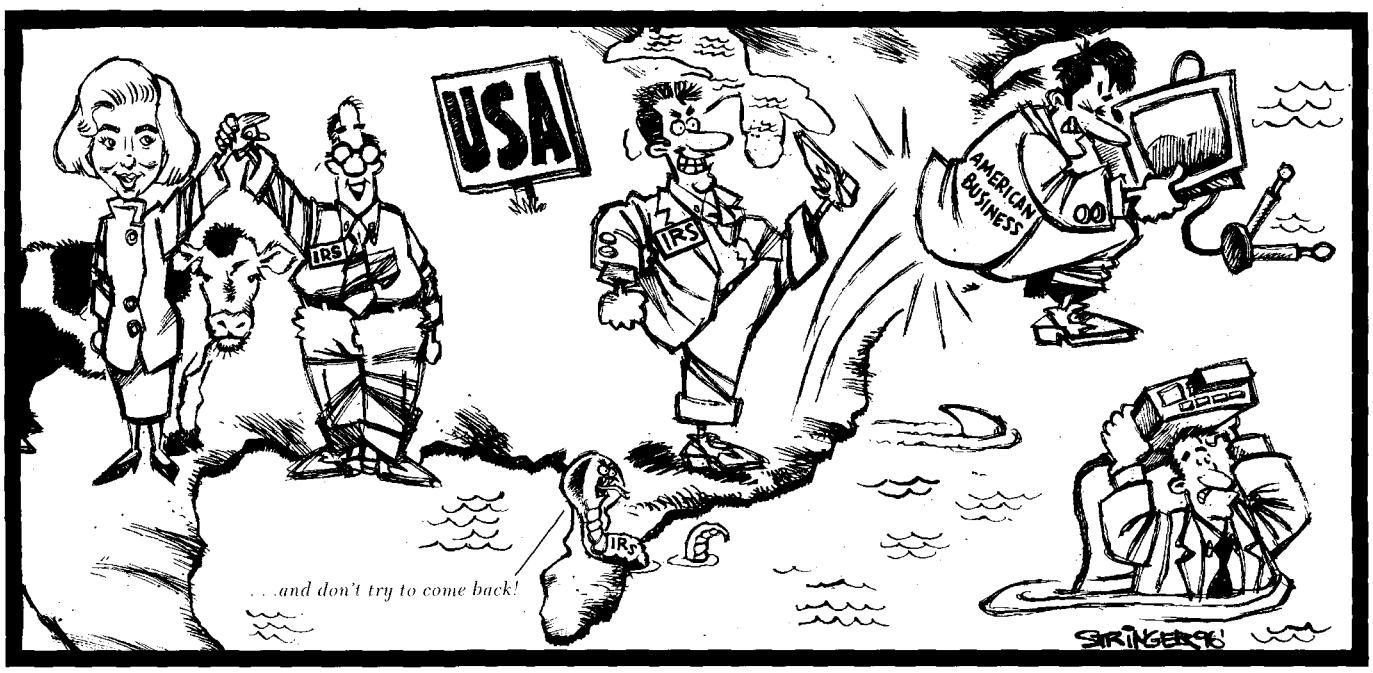

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Our tax code rewards short-term speculation while punishing long-term investment.

We constantly hear liberals using their Marxist philosophy to bash the wealthy and business. Liberals claim capital gains punish only worthless speculators. The loss of American jobs to cheaper foreign labor is due solely to the business' greed. Nothing could be further from the truth. The real culprits are our greedy, tax-hungry politicians and their tax code.

The IRS rewards Hillary while reducing job growth.

Virtually every electronic product you own, from TVs to VCRs, were designed and patented here, then licensed to non-US companies to manufacture. Labor costs and regulations are apparent hurdles. But efficient manufacturing — capital improvements — still wins this race.

But our capital improvements are hobbled. Our tax code discriminates against investment and long-term risk. Short-term income is rewarded by allowing full deductions for expenses and indexing for inflation. This rewards deals like Hillary's cattle futures speculation—which created *no* jobs—while discouraging long-term capital investments that put people to work.

Using the consumer price index, $100,000 invested in 1980 breaks even at $250,000 today, after inflation. Unlike Hillary's, this *entire* gain is treated as profit!

Liberals' Marxism undermines American industry.

After 40 year years of punishing invested capital, liberal Marxist tax philosophy has reduced our economic growth rates by more than 50 percent. Forced two paycheck families. Reduced the standard of living throughout Europe. Condemned Russia to poverty. Only government benefits while poverty spending and welfare recipients balloon. Prior to WWII, 20 percent of the US civil work force were government employees; today, 33 percent are.

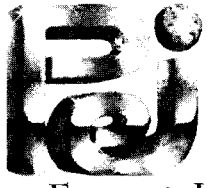
Our government has become the single greatest debtor in the world and all we have to show is unfunded liabilities, more public servants, and billions of new regulations. With the help of all this bureaucracy, social values have declined, crime has soared, and government psychologists still have not improved on the simplicity of the 10 Commandments.

Tax reform, not tinkering or cuts, is *the* issue of substance.

While liberals rant and rave about wealth, they ignore the devastation Marxist economics has inflicted on the lower and middle classes. In 1960, the American family paid 25 percent of their income in taxes; now nearly 40 percent. More than 60 percent of our national debt is interest costs, *not* social benefits. The rate of increase in government spending is twice that of the economy!

We must resolve this issue with integrity. Otherwise, historians will write of the decline and fall of America at the hand of liberal, Marxist economics, not fatally flawed capitalism, as Marx himself predicted.

For more information on the Princeton Proposal for tax reform & economic growth, contact:



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the weekly Standard

A Tough Summer Ahead

When Bill and Hillary Clinton turn themselves loose in the supermarket of ambition, others are meant to pay the bills. The couple began preparing their daughter, Chelsea, for her share of this debt when she was six, according to Mrs. Clinton's jaw-dropping "we're hoping that we have another child" interview with *Time* magazine. "At dinners," Hillary tells *Time*, Chelsea's father "would pretend to be running against Bill Clinton, and he would say something like 'Don't vote for Bill Clinton. He's a terrible person, and he's mean to people.' Chelsea got big tears in her eyes. At a series of dinners, we would do this." The youngster's most important such tough-love lesson, presumably, came in January 1992. She was packed off to public school the morning after her father chose to tell a national television audience that he had sexually betrayed her mother. Chelsea was not yet twelve years old.

Cool customers, these grown-up Clintons. Icy, even. Little wonder, then, that they should continue to face the Whitewater scandal with such a publicly untroubled conscience. True, the easy-virtue political and financial culture of pre-1993 Little Rock sticks to their feet like a spilled soft drink. The warlike "accept no blame" psychology the Clintons impose on their White House has raised further questions of coverup illegality in Whitewater. And the muscular federal criminal investigation the whole mess has produced has now touched (and damaged) dozens of their past and present friends and associates. But still Bill and Hillary regret *nothing* they've done themselves.

In fact, they would like to believe—and would like the public to believe, as well—that Whitewater oddly *flatters* them. It is an entirely artificial controversy manufactured by "many people who for a number of years have been opposed to my husband and his policies," Mrs. Clinton told PBS's Jim Lehrer last week. You know, Jim: the GOP. And by pursuing Whitewater allegations, she suggests, these Republicans are actually paying eloquent tribute to the Clintons' superior political morality. They "do not have their own vision for what this country should be, don't have a positive program to help people get and keep jobs or provide health care, or better education, or keep the environment clean." And so to disguise their embarrassment, Republicans fling mud. *That's* what Whitewater is. Otherwise, "there's no there there."

BESIDES THE LITTLE ROCK TRIO, NINE OTHERS HAVE PLED GUILTY TO WHITEWATER-RELATED CRIMES. KENNETH STARR IS STILL HIRING PROSECUTORS.

No there there, indeed. The day Mrs. Clinton's PBS interview was taped and broadcast, a federal Whitewater jury of ordinary Arkansans issued twenty-four crushing felony verdicts against their state's governor, Jim Guy Tucker, and Jim and Susan McDougal. All three of them will almost certainly do time. Nine other defendants have previously pled guilty to Whitewater-related crimes, and five of them have already been sentenced to prison. Four further men have been indicted and still face trial. More indictments will probably be issued; Whitewater counsel Kenneth Starr is hiring *prosecutors*, not investigators. And poor Vince Foster, burdened at least in part by the pressure of Whitewater writ large, is dead. To the families of all these people, the "there" of Whitewater could hardly be more real.

In a couple of weeks, Whitewater defendants Herbert "Herby" Branscum, Jr. and Robert M. Hill will each be tried on eleven felony fraud and conspiracy charges. Branscum and Hill own the state-regulated Bank of Perry County in Perryville, Arkansas. Bill Clinton's 1990 gubernatorial campaign kept its treasury on deposit at this bank. And it was from this same bank, that same year, that Bill and Hillary Clinton personally borrowed $180,000. The couple re-loaned all this borrowed money to the Clinton reelection effort,

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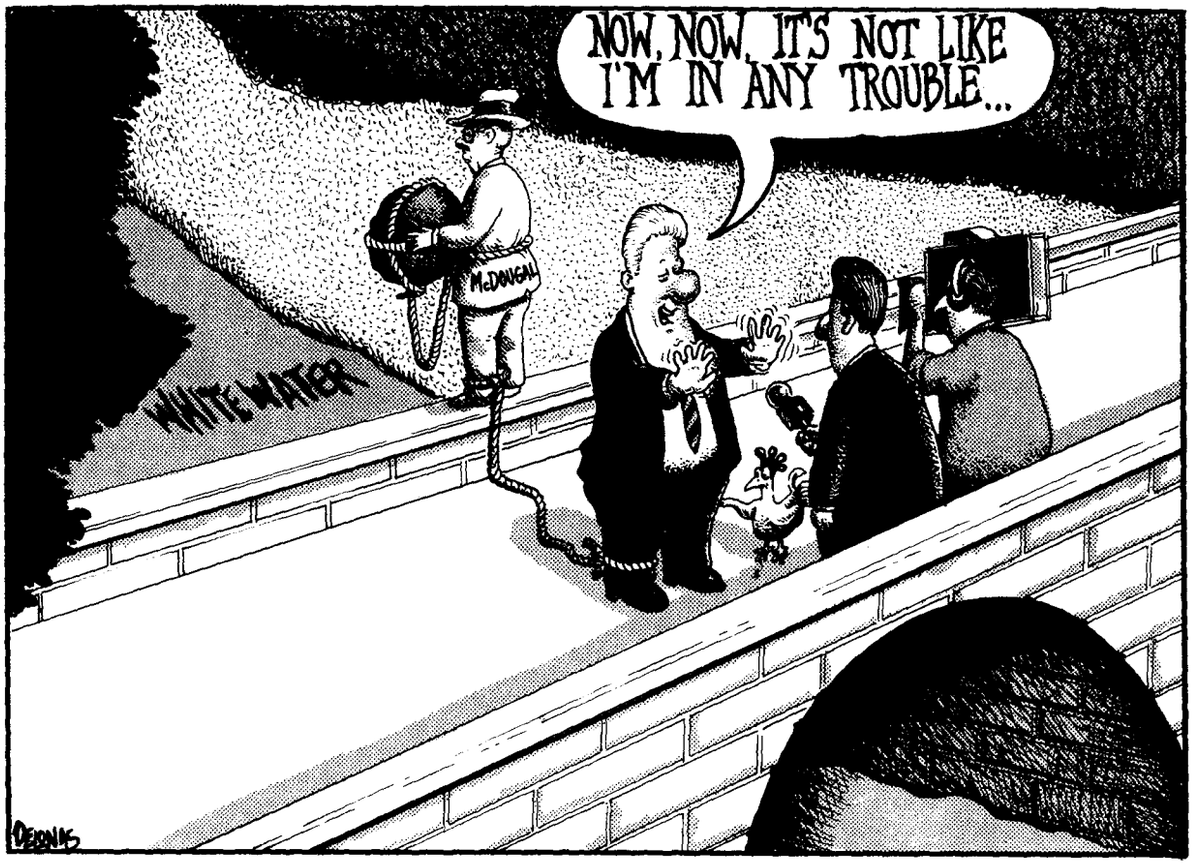

Sean Delonas

$100,000 of it in the campaign's final week.

Neal Ainley, the Perry County bank's former president, has pled guilty and been sentenced to probation for concealing from the Internal Revenue Service $52,500 in cash withdrawals by Bruce Lindsey, then the 1990 Clinton campaign's treasurer and now a top White House aide. Ainley has testified that Branscum and Hill ordered him to do it. Lindsey's cash withdrawals, including a $22,500 sum on the Friday before election day in 1990, were distributed, as the *Los Angeles Times* has delicately put it, "to leading members of Arkansas's African American community" by someone named Carol Willis, a longtime Clinton aide who now works for the Democratic National Committee.

Shortly after his 1990 victory, Gov. Clinton began soliciting contributions designed to retire the $180,000 debt the campaign owed him, so that he might repay the Clintons' *personal* $180,000 debt to Branscum and Hill's bank. The government now charges that Branscum and Hill misused more than $13,000 in bank funds to make such contributions to Clinton, reimbursing themselves and various employees and relatives by means of phony expense vouchers and a cashier's check.

Seven thousand dollars of this bad money was hand-delivered to Bill Clinton in his governor's office on December 14, 1990. Ken Starr's investigators apparently have gubernatorial appointment books that indicate the subject of this meeting, arranged by Bruce Lindsey, was a discussion of Herby Branscum's wished-for appointment to the Arkansas state highway commission.

And the Whitewater grand jury has apparently heard testimony that toward the end of this meeting, after pocketing the funds, Bill Clinton said something like: "I don't guess you guys would have any problem with my appointing Herby to the highway commission." A few weeks later, on January 23, 1991, Herby got the job he wanted. He still has it.

Big deal, the Clintons essentially argue; unless and until someone in the White House is proved criminally culpable in Whitewater, the whole affair should remain politically off-limits, consigned to "no there there" unreality. It would be a convenient rule, if they could make it stick. No Whitewater indictment has yet—*yet*—been issued against a White House officer, and none that might be forthcoming is likely to produce a trial conviction between now and the November presidential election. Which may be all the good news the Clintons require for the maintenance of their increasingly incredible self-righteousness.

American voters tend to have different, higher

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standards, however. A lengthening list of Clinton acquaintances is ensnared in legal trouble for participation in activities designed to advance the first family's fortunes. The Clintons may pretend not to care. They may *genuinely* not care. But the whole thing stinks: the bank and campaign scams, the travel office damage-control fiasco, the lost-and-found documents and lies and evasions. It will stink the worse as the investigative and prosecutorial effort moves inexorably forward this summer. And Americans do not generally like their presidential candidates to smell this bad.

Full, legal justice in the Whitewater matter may well be delayed until sometime next year. But in the meantime, if the scandal offends enough Americans to sweep Bill and Hillary Clinton out of the White House this November, that will be justice, too.

—David Tell, for the Editors

THE VERDICT IS IN

by Tod Lindberg

THE METHODICAL WORK OF A Little Rock jury has put an end once and for all to the proposition, advanced tirelessly by the defenders of Bill Clinton, that nothing really wrong was going on at the intersection of politics and money down in Arkansas during the 1980s.

Maybe they were all too cozy down there, the defenders said, and maybe there were some sleazy deals, but given the nature of the problems facing the nation in this last decade of the millennium, so what? And besides, it was all so complicated. Who in Washington had the time or stamina to wade through hundreds of pages of still-incomplete documentation in order to try to figure out the details of ten-year-old loans? Such obsessive activity would almost have to be partisan in inspiration, wouldn't it?

HERE IS WHAT THE JURY FOUND: ONE OF THE THINGS GOING ON IN ARKANSAS IN THE 1980S WAS, QUITE SIMPLY, CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY.

No. Two weeks ago it became the work of a jury—twelve ordinary Arkansans who had been carefully screened for any sign of partisan bias, locked in a room for eight days with each other, some 700 pages of documents, and their notes on the testimony of 37 witnesses. And they decided that Arkansas governor Jim Guy Tucker, Clinton's handpicked successor, and Clinton's Whitewater business partners Jim and Susan McDougal were engaged in a $3 million fraud scheme and convicted them on twenty-four of thirty felony counts.

Thus the "Arkansas phase" of Whitewater independent counsel Kenneth Starr's investigation has already reached an important climax, and probably not the last one. We no longer have to rely on the accounts of journalists, or partisans on either side, to understand what went on during the Arkansas years of Bill and Hillary Clinton. A neutral jury has found that the facts, beyond a reasonable doubt, are these: One of the things going on in Arkansas in the 1980s was, quite simply, criminal conspiracy.

This is especially important because Clinton defenders have felt free to dismiss any inquiry into what came after the Arkansas years—at the Clinton White House, Justice Department, Treasury Department, etc.—as baseless and partisan in part because they could point to Whitewater and Arkansas and say, "See? There was nothing there, and there's nothing here. Only a Republican could think differently."

One of the problems of "Whitewater" is that partisan speculation has indeed outstripped known facts, just as the Clinton defenders claim. Conjectures are taken for conclusions, and upon them more conjectures are piled. Some of the more exotic birds of this species have hatched out of the suicide of deputy White House counsel Vincent Foster. And a small airport in Mena, Ark., has led conservative Republicans to swallow whole various conspiracy charges first levied by the radical leftist Christic Institute. The wilder the charges, the easier it has been to dismiss legitimate investigations, like Starr's.

To be sure, Starr had already won some guilty pleas—including one from the former No. 3 official at the Justice Department, Webster Hubbell, former law partner of Hillary's and golf partner of Bill's. But the Hubbell case was about how he had defrauded his Rose law firm partners by engaging in false billing practices, in which case Hubbell could be considered guilty of victimizing Hillary, not conspiring with her.

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If there was nothing wrong going on in and around the Little Rock governor's mansion, the defenders were saying, there was really no justification for an investigation at all—especially one that was looking into the question of whether there might have been an Arkansas-related coverup inside the Clinton White House. If there was no crime, there could be nothing to cover up except maybe sloppiness and sleaziness. The verdicts last week indicate that there might indeed have been *something* worth covering up. Real crimes just might call for real obstruction.

There is no reasonable doubt that some kind of obstruction *has* taken place in the Clinton White House. The smoking gun appeared this year, with the belated discovery of those Rose law firm billing records detailing Hillary's representation of the Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan. The records had been under subpoena for two years; they had been removed from a table in the "book room" on the third floor of the White House residence, placed in a box, and discovered in January only inadvertently by a terrified White House employee. The White House had maintained they were missing or destroyed. Apparently not; one day they were not on the table, a couple days later they were, the employee testified. Whoever put them there had an obligation to turn them over to the appropriate authorities and then make himself or herself available for questioning about the circumstances of possessing them. The failure to do so is a textbook case of obstruction. We just don't know who did the obstructing.

ONE THING WE DO KNOW: MANY MEMBERS OF THE CLINTON INNER CIRCLE HAVE REMARKABLY FAULTY MEMORIES.

One thing we do know: Many members of the Clinton inner circle have remarkably faulty memories. When called to testify, they often express an inability to recall details of specific conversations and meetings, or even whether such discussions took place. In some instances where recollections are more specific, they are at odds with more damaging accounts given by people with no stake in the outcome of these investigations. We have learned of the existence of meetings not through any voluntary proffer by the participants, but from documentary evidence—evidence that, like the billing records, has turned up very late in the day, and very possibly incomplete at that. Other documents known to have existed are missing. And stories have shifted and shifted again to accommodate newly disclosed, unimpeachable facts.

Where it all goes is uncertain. But we do have proof of serious crime in Little Rock and an obstruction "crime scene" in the White House. It's unreasonable to assume that that's the end of it.

We do know, for example, about a Whitewater-related White House meeting in January 1994 attended by deputy chief of staff Harold Ickes. Just then, pressure was mounting on the White House to appoint a special counsel in the Whitewater matter. At the meeting, Ickes urged that a Clinton loyalist go to Little Rock and debrief Beverly Bassett Schaeffer. Schaeffer was the Arkansas state official who, years before, had approved an unprecedented recapitalization plan for the already ailing Madison Guaranty—the bank represented by Hillary. What legitimate reason could the White House possibly have had to dispatch someone to check out what Schaeffer might tell an independent counsel—even before an independent counsel was appointed?

Hillary has a history of downplaying her work on behalf of Madison Guaranty, at times under oath. She long claimed that the person who brought the S&L's business to the Rose law firm was a young associate named Richard Massey. Massey then told the Senate Whitewater committee he had done no such thing. We now know from the firm's records that Mrs. Clinton billed Madison for some 50 hours of her time. It's understandable that she would seek to minimize her role; after all, the failure of the savings and loan cost taxpayers at least $70 million. But at what point does damage control degenerate into lying under oath?

We also know that another noteworthy shift in the Clinton inner-circle story came this April, during the Senate testimony of longtime Clinton damage controller and fixer Betsey Wright. Wright shed light on a critical question for Starr—the question of when, exactly, the Clintons first learned of the investigation into the failure of Madison by the Resolution Trust Corporation. The RTC filed its first criminal referral—in which the Clintons are mentioned as possible witnesses—with the Justice Department a few months before the 1992 presidential election. A referral is a confidential document, and this one was obviously potentially explosive because it mentioned the Clintons. But the document and the investigation nevertheless were never brought up in the press during the campaign or, indeed, until much later. It would be reasonable to conclude, therefore, that there was no leak of this confidential information.

Fast-forward to the fall of 1993. Treasury Department officials, who oversaw the RTC, reported that

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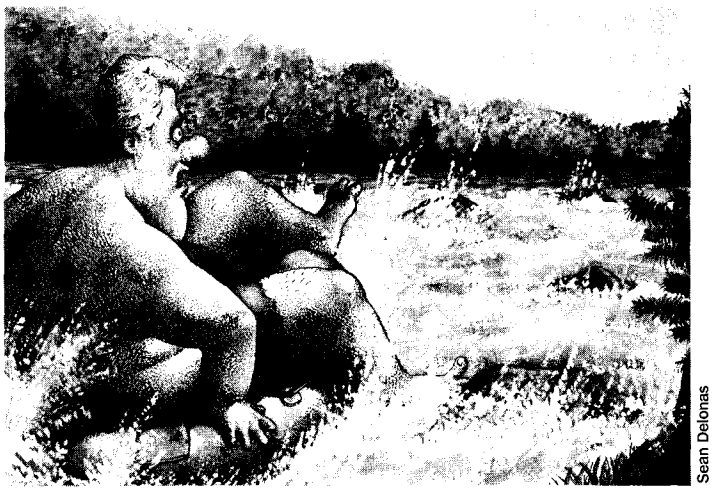
they gave the White House multiple "heads-ups" about the referrals. This set off a flurry of meetings in the White House. Webster Hubbell first learned of the referrals over at the Justice Department around this time, he testified; this quickly led to his recusal from all Madison matters, and the recusal of the Clinton-appointed U.S. attorney in Little Rock, Paula Casey. Hubbell also had in his possession numerous files relevant to the investigation. Around this time, he turned them over to the Clintons' private lawyer.

So there could have been no obstruction prior to fall 1993, since nobody even knew about the RTC investigation—right? Wrong, or so Wright's testimony suggests. She told the Senate she actually first heard of an RTC investigation involving the Clintons sometime during the 1992 campaign—a full year earlier.



Sean Delonas

"I received a call from someone in California," Wright said, "who had talked to somebody they knew there, a lawyer, who had just returned from a business trip to Kansas City, and while at a cocktail party in Kansas City a woman had mentioned to him that there was a—don't believe 'RTC' was a phrase used, but a referral about an S&L officer which would implicate the Clintons in Arkansas."

She was hearing lots of rumors, she said, and she tried to check them out. She called a defense lawyer in Little Rock named Bill Wilson (whom Clinton later appointed to the federal bench) and asked him if there was any way to find out more. Wilson said there wasn't. Wright also testified that she discussed the matter with Hillary. She said the two of them tried to imagine who could be the target of such a probe and were at a loss. It never occurred to them, she testified, that the probe might involve James McDougal—although McDougal had *been* tried and acquitted in relation to Madison Guaranty already, and although the Whitewater-McDougal-Madison-Clinton connection had been the subject of a lengthy piece months before in the *New York Times* that threw the campaign into a panic.

Wright couldn't remember the name of the person who called her, and even that person was at one remove from the cocktail party where the referral was supposedly first discussed. And despite the fact that the rumor was dead accurate and the person to whom it referred, McDougal, was more or less right in front of everybody's nose, Wright's investigation of the matter went nowhere. Imagine!

The story is, to be extremely kind, bizarre. But given the Clinton manner of revealing these sorts of things, we can expect that we will soon hear in rather vague terms about discussions the first lady had concerning some sort of criminal referral in which she and her husband came up—*long, long before* those "heads-ups" to the White House from senior Treasury officials.

Wright and Hillary, at least, knew about and talked about an investigation that actually was underway. Could there have been an effort to obstruct well before the fall of 1993? You bet there could have been, and you can bet Starr is working on exactly this question.

But perhaps the biggest shifts in story line Starr has to deal with do not involve Whitewater, but rather the White House travel office. At the center of the travel office scandal are the conflicting stories told at various times by former White House administrator David Watkins and Hillary Clinton about the May 1993 firing of seven longtime employees of the travel office. Hillary has insisted that her role in the firings was small. Watkins, in statements to the administration's own internal "investigators," backed up her story. But earlier this year, a lengthy Watkins memo addressed (but not sent) to then-chief of staff Mack McLarty surfaced in which Watkins told a very different story. In the memo, Hillary's role in the firings was central: She more or less ordered them, warning Watkins of the consequences of her wrath. And he obeyed, despite his misgivings.

There is no way to square the two accounts. Either Watkins lied in the memo he wrote but kept private, or he and the first lady were untruthful in the statements they made. Starr, for his part, beefed up the prosecutorial staff of his Washington office shortly after taking on the travel office investigation this year.

Clinton's Arkansas crowd is now in Shakespearean shambles: Webb Hubbell is in jail, the McDougals are going to jail, Jim Guy Tucker has resigned his governorship in preparation for jail, Madison Guaranty Savings and Loan is gone, the Rose law firm is in tatters,

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and Vincent Foster is dead by his own hand. What went on in Arkansas was a crime, a jury has ruled. What has gone on inside the White House in relation to Arkansas is now increasingly the focus of Kenneth Starr's work. And Starr has done pretty well so far.

Tod Lindberg is editorial page editor of the **Washington Times** *and a regular contributor to these pages.*

THE BLUNDERER RETURNS

by Andrew Ferguson

HERE IN WASHINGTON we mark life in weeks—good weeks, bad weeks, weeks that end in a draw—and when the Whitewater verdicts came down last Tuesday, everyone had to agree that the president was in for a bad week. Nothing could change that. A carload of Redskins cheerleaders could cruise up to the Front Portico in a bright red Cadillac convertible, honking the horn and shouting his name, and the president's week would still be bad. Period.

What was lost amid all the hand-wringing and confetti-throwing (depending on your point of view) about the president's bad week was this: The week before hadn't been so great either. Actually, the week before *that* was a dog too. This may have been hard to notice, following as it did eight months of dazzling political acrobatics, during which the president saw his poll ratings soar and those of his enemies tank. But by late May, the president and his associates were making a series of uncharacteristic mistakes. Whether from complacency, cocksureness, or (the favorite diagnosis of Washington pundits) hubris, they suddenly appeared politically tone-deaf. With each miscalculation a trend began to emerge: an unmistakable mistake trend. The confident Clinton of the last half-year wobbled, and the earlier Clinton of right-wing lore—feckless, opportunistic, slightly flaky—looked ready to take his place.

BY LATE MAY, THE PRESIDENT AND HIS ADVISERS WERE MAKING A SERIES OF UNCHARACTERISTIC MISTAKES, WHETHER FROM COMPLACENCY OR HUBRIS.

The trend first coalesced around matters of substance, as the White House defines substance—which is to say, matters of perception. Over the past few months the president's strategy of appropriating Republican themes was incremental and subtly executed. During his weekly radio speeches in early May he aped conservative proposals on teen pregnancy and adoption. By mid-month, however, the strategy was reduced to caricature. As Fred Barnes recounts elsewhere in this issue, Clinton devoted his May 18 radio address to embracing a radical GOP welfare reform offered by Gov. Thompson of Wisconsin—the same reform Dole was expected to boom in a campaign event three days later. Cartoonists and editorialists scoffed, but the self-parody continued through the end of May. The day after Dole called for youth curfews in high-crime areas, the president traveled to New Orleans, where he let cry with a ringing endorsement of . . . youth curfews. "Me-too-ism" has quickly become the favored Washington euphemism for the president's platform. A few more radio addresses—on mandatory bedtime? drug-testing of school crossing guards?—and the phrase will spread to the electorate at large.

A more sensational example of presidential overreach came through one of his lawyers, Robert Bennett, who filed a Supreme Court brief suggesting that the Soldiers and Sailors Relief Act of 1940 might indemnify the president against the sexual harassment suit of Paula Jones. The president, as we know, has been neither soldier nor sailor, and that fact was painfully emphasized in the ensuing outrage. Republicans, of course, pounced on Bennett's reasoning, but so did veterans groups. "Bizarre," said the American Legion. It "smells bad," said the Vietnam Veterans Coalition. The VFW objected "in the strongest possible terms." Bennett revised the brief—over the Memorial Day weekend, appropriately enough.

The Clinton reelection committee chose to celebrate Memorial Day in its own way, by airing what has become known as the "Quitter" ad. The ad opened with Bob Dole's empty Senate office. "He told us he would lead," said the voiceover. "Then he told us that he was quitting, giving up, leaving behind the gridlock he helped create." The ad closed with shots of President Clinton, doing the people's business in the lamplit Oval Office. The error was multiple: in taste as well as in timing. Surely some Democratic operative somewhere might have noted the irony (to choose the kindest word): a veteran who had a quarter of his body blown away at Anzio should not be called a "quitter" by a political opponent who, as the phrase goes, chose

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not to serve. Or, if you're going to make the accusation, wait till after Memorial Day.

Maybe these are mere lapses in tactics, the president having been let down by sloppy staff work. But the president and first lady themselves seem to be getting giddily "off message." Since his famous comments about the Astroturf in his old pickup, and especially since the unfortunate MTV appearance a few years ago in which he discussed his underwear with an audience of teenagers, the president has seemed to make extra efforts to carry himself with presidential dignity. But by the end of May, he threatened a relapse.

At a fund-raiser in Connecticut, he mentioned the Inca mummy that was recently exhibited in Washington. "If I were a single man," the president said, "I might ask that mummy out. That's a good-looking mummy." A yummy mummy. You might question the president's taste, since the mummy did have her skull crushed during a human sacrifice. Even the Peruvians were agog. A Peruvian anthropologist, Sonia Guillén, called the president's remarks "tacky." Guillén had opposed removing the mummy from Peru in the first place, saying it might be "damaged" in the United States—and now we know why. Voters will have other questions. The president is 49. The mummy was 14 but died 500 years ago. Is she too young for him, or too old?

Hillary Clinton is 48, just the right age. If you doubt it, consider her strange comments to *Time* magazine a few days after the president's remarks about his mummified Lolita. In response to a question about adoption, Mrs. Clinton told *Time*'s Walter Isaacson: "I must say we're hoping that we have another child." The obvious follow-up question to such an announcement, of course, is "*Say wha'*?" but Isaacson collected himself admirably: "So are you considering adoption?" Mrs. Clinton went on: "We continue to talk about it. . . . 'Considering' may be too strong. I think 'talking about it.' . . . I think we're talking about it more now. We'd obviously wait to get serious about it until after the election."

Ah, yes: the election. Might the president now revise his famous bargain of 1992, "Vote for me and get two for the price of one"? Can we re-up for two-and-a-half? Or a full three? (Mrs. Clinton said they might adopt an "older" child—though presumably one under the age of 14.) The first lady's announcement made a splash and again raised the possibility, just the suggestion, the merest *hint*, of rank opportunism. The administration was quickly in Ickes-mode, back-pedaling at great speed. Next day the AP reported: "A spokesman for Mrs. Clinton said that her interest in adoption was not new and that she and Mr. Clinton had discussed it only 'in abstract terms.'" Mrs. Clinton is given to abstractions, as fans of her health-care plan will recall, and hence the announcement was not really an announcement, merely a recounting of private, Hegelian moments between husband and wife.

"I can give you a long list of all the places I've talked about it," Mrs. Clinton told Jim Lehrer in an interview a week later, "including just three weeks ago in the Roosevelt Room, when I had a Mother's Day event about adoption." News reports at the time reported a slightly different version. From the *Baltimore Sun* of May 11: "In response to a question, [Mrs. Clinton] said that before she became pregnant with her daughter, Chelsea, she and her husband had seriously considered adoption."

Well, these are deep and muddied waters, as waters often are with the Clintons. What had been striking about their performance over the last half-year, however, was its clarity and sure-footedness. That discipline has for the moment abandoned them. And indeed, Clinton's political career has shown a pattern of fumbles, followed by recovery, followed by a period of overconfidence, which leads again to fumbles . . . and the pattern repeats. We are now moving from the third stage to the fourth. We can only wonder what number he'll be at by November 5. ◆

The Perils of Me-Too-ism

by Fred Barnes

President Clinton's tactical cleverness knows no bounds. He flummoxed Republicans by saying he would agree to sign a bill letting states bar gay marriage. He devilishly upstaged Bob Dole, his GOP rival, by seeming to endorse a conservative welfare reform plan in Wisconsin authored by Republican governor Tommy Thompson. And he surprised even many of his supporters by echoing Republican attacks on a liberal federal judge he had appointed.

But there's trouble ahead for the president. By overindulging in ideological positioning and tactical maneuvering, Clinton is creating serious problems for himself that he and his senior advisers seem blissfully unaware of. Indeed, if anyone at the White House is worried about Clinton's emergence as a me-too presi-

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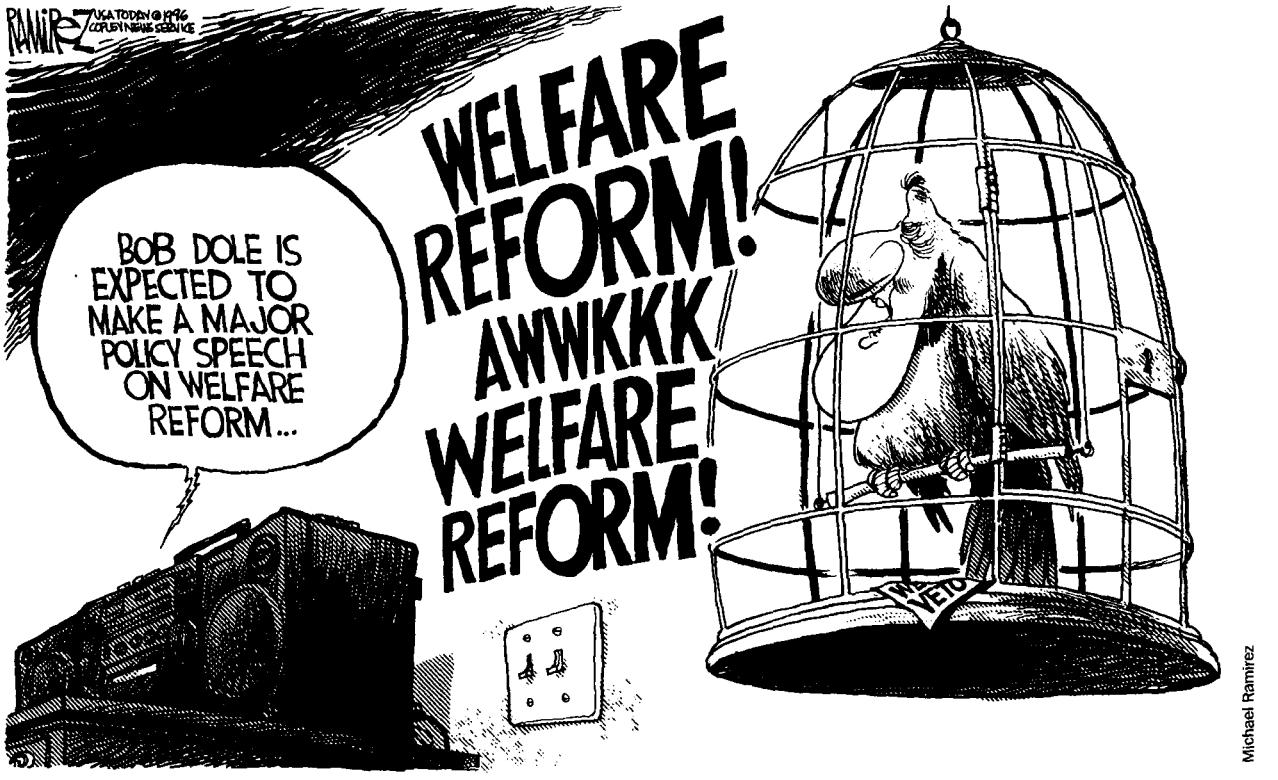

Michael Ramirez

dent, that aide has kept quiet about it.

The biggest problem for Clinton is strategic. He has deftly checkmated Republicans on issue after issue, all the while leaving himself with no distinct agenda. There are GOP issues he's come to agree with, and then there are GOP issues he's bent on blocking. And that's the whole of it: Missing in action are any signature issues of Clinton's. As a result, his campaign consists of embracing some Republican proposals and defending the status quo against others.

This is hardly a compelling platform for a president who came to Washington promising to modernize the economy, transform the bureaucracy, overhaul the health care system, and make life better for practically every American. Once an activist, now he's reactive and defensive, with no ideas of his own. He's allowed himself to be defined by the GOP agenda.

Yes, it might work. Maybe running a totally tactical campaign is the shrewdest approach for a liberal president seeking reelection in a conservative era. But it's also risky. It relies on the assumption that the electorate doesn't relish strong presidential leadership but instead seeks a sensitive gatekeeper who will cultivate good Republican ideas and weed out bad ones.

By running with no agenda of his own, with no ideological heft to prop up his candidacy and excite the Democratic base, Clinton has bet everything on his ability to come off as personally more attractive than Dole. True, Clinton has turned himself into an effective ceremonial president who handles state visits and funerals with skill. But this won't mean much if he's badly tarnished as Whitewater prosecutions continue. And should the economy sour, Clinton will not only lose his biggest plus in the campaign, he'll have no fresh agenda to take up the slack.

Clinton has another big problem as a me-too president: credibility. He's aggressively sought to co-opt conservative wedge issues such as religion, crime, and gays. "The president has on all those issues taken fairly moderate positions that reflect American political culture," insists press secretary Mike McCurry. "He's not going to let Republicans push him out of that mainstream."

But does anyone really think Clinton is keen on promoting prayer in public schools? I don't think so. Yet the president delivered a speech on the subject last September, promising administrative measures to remove obstacles to silent prayer and teaching about religion.

And what about the president's decision to join the chorus of Republican critics of federal judge Harold Baer, Jr., who had tossed out the arrest of drug defendants caught with 80 pounds of heroin and cocaine? Though Clinton had appointed Baer, the White House suggested the president might even ask for his resignation. Clinton argued it is perfectly "proper for . . . the president personally to say if he disagrees with a judge's opinion." Proper perhaps, but hardly sincere.

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In all Clinton's lurches to the right, the presence of shameless political calculation is palpable. On same-sex marriage, the White House consulted for weeks with gay and lesbian groups before announcing the president would sign a Republican bill permitting states to bar such marriages. Had the homosexual groups vowed to abandon Clinton en masse, it's likely he wouldn't have declared his support for the bill. He'd just have stuck with voicing his opposition to gay marriage.

On welfare reform, Clinton was so eager to trump Dole's proposal—before Dole had even proposed it—that he endorsed the Wisconsin plan without having carefully examined it. This was clear from remarks by Harold Ickes, the deputy White House chief of staff. "All of us have only a rudimentary understanding of what this plan is," Ickes said. "I don't know if we have problems or not." According to McCurry, Ickes was merely preserving the administration's leverage in negotiating over details of the Wisconsin plan.

What also undermines Clinton's credibility is the sheer number of issues on which he's shifted rightward. I've counted at least 15 since Republicans captured Congress in the 1994 election. They range from a seven-year balanced budget to a tax cut for families to a $5,000 adoption tax credit to Megan's Law (informing folks of a child molester in the neighborhood). And I'm not counting the nomination of Alan Greenspan for another term as chairman of the Federal Reserve, an appointment Clinton probably wouldn't have made absent GOP control of Congress and his own desire for reelection.

One White House explanation of Clinton's migration is that Dole made it possible. By courting the GOP Right during the Republican presidential primaries, contends McCurry, Dole left the middle open to Clinton. "The aperture widened on the president's lens," the press secretary says. And now "he's occupying a larger piece of ground."

Fine, but Clinton is still prickly and defensive about grabbing GOP issues. When asked about this at a press conference on May 23, he disputed the notion that he was doing it, then delivered a filibuster of explanations, clarifications, and excuses. The Republican bill to roll back the 1993 gas tax? He'd only agreed to back it as part of a deal to boost the minimum wage, Clinton said. The Helms-Burton bill to toughen sanctions against Cuba? "The defense of freedom in Cuba is not a Republican issue," the president argued.

On welfare reform, Clinton made a bolder claim. Though he'd taken the Wisconsin plan as his own, he said Republicans are really quietly heading his way on the issue. "If you look beneath the rhetoric, the Republicans are moving toward the position I have advocated all along, and I'm encouraged by that." In truth, Republicans drafted a welfare reform bill in May along lines favored by a bipartisan group of governors and, at least in principle, by Clinton. But after a May 29 visit to the White House, Democratic governors repudiated the bill.

All of this opens Clinton to a GOP counter-attack on grounds of trust. Sure, he's moved to the center, but he'll say anything to get reelected, Republicans will charge. And they'll predict that in his second term, freed of the pressure of reelection, he'll move back to the left. The more he overreaches in coopting Republican positions now, the more credible is the Republican charge that he'll swing back again after election day. Can a me-too candidate be a trustworthy president?

Regardless of the risks, a me-too campaign by Clinton was inevitable, says Paul Greenberg, editor of the Arkansas *Democrat Gazette* and author of *No Surprises: Two Decades of Clinton Watching*. He's devised 10 "Clinton rules" that have enabled Clinton to succeed in politics. Number 6 is "Agree with everybody." Number 7 says, "When necessary, change opinions, personas, political ideologies, even names." Number 10 is most relevant of all: "Win. If necessary, use the opponents' positions." It worked in Arkansas. This time, though, it may not. ♦

A Vote for Realism

by David Bar-Illan

Jerusalem

Prime Minister Shimon Peres's defeat was far more dramatic than the result of his head-to-head contest with Benjamin Netanyahu might indicate. His government coalition, which commanded a bare but unshakable one-seat majority in the Knesset (61 of 120), suffered a shattering trouncing in last Wednesday's elections. Its three components—Peres's own Labor party (the super-dovish Meretz) and the two Arab parties (one nationalist, one Communist)—were reduced to a total of 52 seats. Even more telling, the Jewish components of the coalition seem to have lost 13 of their 56 seats; only a substantial increase in the vote for the Arab parties diminished the size of the debacle.

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The increase in the Arab vote overall, and its almost unanimous support for Peres, was the only reason the contest for the premiership was so close. Among Jews, Netanyahu won a large majority, close to 60 percent, a fact that is nothing short of stunning. For, on the face of it, the Peres government should have been unbeatable.

Israel's standing in the world is more solid than it has ever been. More than 160 nations have diplomatic relations with the Jewish state, almost half of them established or upgraded during the Labor government's four-year tenure. Israel has signed a highly popular peace treaty with Jordan; exchanged representatives with Tunisia, Morocco, Oman, and Qatar; and begun a peace process with the Palestinians that promised to end a blood-drenched 100-year conflict with the Arab world. Even though the Israeli army's evacuation of the Gaza Strip and the Arab cities of the West Bank was humiliating to some, it proved generally popular: Israelis had not enjoyed seeing their sons chasing stone-throwing, petrol-bomb-tossing Arab teenagers every time they turned on the television.

Benjamin Netanyahu

Kent Lemon

On the economic level, too, Israelis feel comfortable. Personal income is up. Inflation—though high by Western standards—seems manageable at 12-14 percent. Unemployment is lower than in any Western country, and the newspapers are full of stories of huge investments by foreign companies, all said to be attracted to Israel by the peace process. To local businessmen and foreigners alike, the country has radiated prosperity and promise.

Moreover, for the first time in Israel's history, foreign friends—old and new—volunteered to support the incumbent government in an election campaign. Almost every European statesman, every Arab head of state with a Western orientation, and virtually every Jewish community leader abroad endorsed Peres. President Bill Clinton himself, putting the prestige of the White House on the line, departed from diplomatic norms and openly supported Peres's candidacy. A day before the election, he averred that a vote against Peres was a vote against peace and that the United States would "minimize the risks" if Israel wisely chose the path of peace—an unambiguous promise of financial aid in exchange for a Peres victory.

The media, too, both in Israel and abroad, were almost unanimous in their support for Peres. The Israeli press not only favored government spokesmen over opposition candidates to a point of absurdity; they pried into Netanyahu's personal life with unprecedented savagery.

The government also had an unmatchable emotional advantage. The assassination of Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin shocked the nation more than any event since the Holocaust. To oppose his disciples, the implementers of his policies, was seen by many as nothing short of blasphemy.

What, then, caused the government's defeat? The answer is as simple as it is obvious: terrorism. Even in a world partly addicted to Orwellian doublespeak, the words "exploding buses" and "peace" are irreconcilable. Hoping to persuade Israelis that the terror victims were the last casualties before the new dawn, both Peres and his predecessor Rabin called them "sacrifices for peace." But this only increased the general anger and unease: the impression that government policies were dictated by wishful thinking rather than a realistic assessment of developments.

Nor could the public be persuaded that the terrorists were "enemies of the peace process" who could only be defeated by Israel's stubborn adherence to the process. It did not take Israeli Jews long to wonder why, if the terrorists really wanted to destroy the Israeli-Palestinian rapprochement, they did not put a swift end to it by suicide-bombing Yasser Arafat and his government. It seemed more reasonable to suppose that Hamas and Islamic Jihad had no objection to a process that entailed Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank and Gaza. They simply wanted to claim credit in the Arab street for this withdrawal, particularly since

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Israel kept pledging to continue its retreat no matter what the terrorists did.

Nor were Israelis comforted to see 300,000 Gazans, the largest gathering of Palestinian Arabs in the country's history, participate in the funeral of "the Engineer," a terrorist responsible for killing at least 50 Israelis. When Arafat ordered a 21-gun salute for this killer and called him a hero and a martyr, the difference between the Hamas "enemies of peace" and the Palestinian Authority's "partners in peace" seemed to blur.

The growing Israeli distrust of the Palestinians inevitably reflected on the Peres government. And the distrust increased with every speech Arafat made to Arab audiences. He called for jihad (holy war) "till the battle is won." He assured his audience that the Oslo agreements are no more valid than treaties the Prophet Muhammad signed and later abrogated when his followers grew stronger. He swore to achieve the return of the Palestinian refugees and their descendants to their homes in Israel—a sure prescription for Israel's disintegration. And he rationalized the Oslo agreements as the first step of the 1974 "plan of phases," a 10-point PLO blueprint for Israel's gradual destruction, whose first phase was to be the acquisition of land from Israel by peaceful means and the establishment of a Palestinian sovereignty that would serve as a staging area for a future war.

GROWING ISRAELI DISTRUST OF THE PALESTINIANS INEVITABLY REFLECTED ON THE PERES GOVERNMENT. AND THE DISTRUST INCREASED WITH EVERY SPEECH ARAFAT MADE.

And, as recent local elections in the universities show, the power of Hamas has not diminished. The much-touted Arafat crackdown on its "military wing" has not touched the terror group's training camps, financial resources, and organizational structures, nor has it disarmed its cadres. Most of the Hamas members arrested in the highly advertised roundups designed to help Peres in the elections and placate the Americans have been released, and now that the Israeli elections are over, it is doubtful that any of them will stay in jail. None of the terrorists wanted for murder by Israeli authorities has been extradited to Israel, in clear violation of the Oslo accords.

This distrust of the Palestinians convinced a substantial majority of Israeli Jews that Peres's vision of a peaceful, prosperous, and liberal Middle East as stable and cooperative as today's Western Europe was a chimera. They seemed to realize that to pursue such a vision, Peres had to ignore the turmoil and conflict still plaguing the Arab world.

The Arab-Israeli conflict is by no means the only source of trouble in the Middle East. The Iraq-Iran war, the Gulf war, the civil wars in Lebanon and Iraq, the savage 40-year ethnic-religious war in Sudan, and the blood-drenched Islamist uprising in Algeria (in which more than 40,000 have been killed over the past four years) all dwarf the Arab-Israeli wars in number of casualties and complexity of motives.

Algeria, a relatively remote country that covertly trades with Israel, has failed in its attempt to become a democracy. And if relatively progressive Algeria cannot make the transition from military rule to a democratic system without risking a takeover by Islamist fanatics, it is doubtful that any Arab regime can.

Nor has any other Arab country, with the possible exception of Jordan, shown progress toward democracy. On the contrary. Islamist agitation has given Egypt, a less despotic country than most in the region, a pretext to limit what little freedom its press had.

Nor has any Moslem regime in the region reduced its acquisitions of arms. Egypt, Syria, Iran, and Saudi Arabia have been on a shopping spree of late. The Islamic countries possess 3,000 missiles, virtually all of which can reach Israel. Both Egypt and Syria have vast quantities of chemical weapons, while Libya has built a monstrous underground plant for their production. Instead of improving its relations with Israel as a result of the Oslo agreement, Egypt has conducted a relentless anti-Israel campaign in the international arena, zealously pursuing the goal of disarming Israel's nuclear capability while knowing only too well that both Iran and Iraq are likely to possess nuclear weapons in the foreseeable future.

In this kind of neighborhood, it is an exercise in futility to dream of Israel as a member of the Arab League, a participant in a Middle Eastern NATO-like alliance with Arab armies, a catalyst for a regional Marshall Plan financed by the G-7 industrial nations, and a partner in a Benelux-like union consisting of Israel, Jordan, and a Palestinian entity, where "100 years of good neighborliness" has begun. But these are precisely some of the suggestions Peres has made in recent years, and it is under the influence of these visions that he has acted in dealing with the PLO.

Chances are the Netanyahu government, unlike its predecessor, will begin to acknowledge the brutal facts of the Middle East, and understand what Peres never did: that you cannot build a New Middle East by appeasing the corrupt, murderous tyrants of the old.

David Bar-Illan is executive editor of the **Jerusalem Post.**

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The Decency of Billy Graham: An Education

By Carl M. Cannon

On a recent evening, a colleague of mine at the *Baltimore Sun* arrived back at the office, her face aglow, from a ceremony on Capitol Hill where the evangelist Billy Graham and his wife Ruth were given the Congressional Gold Medal. She was impressed by Graham's noble presence, and surprised to be impressed, and turned to me for confirmation that Billy Graham was indeed "the real deal." It's a question journalists have been asking themselves for nearly half a century.

Fifteen years ago, when I was working as a reporter for the *San Jose Mercury News*, Graham came to town for one of his crusades. This southern evangelist seemed a relic and a curiosity to me and my editors, living as we did in the heart of Silicon Valley just 50 miles from San Francisco—one of the most progressive places in America. Go find out what makes him tick, I was told, and who comes to see his "crusades" and why.

By the time Graham's revival show arrived in California, I had read the half-dozen biographies of the man, had interviewed scores of people and Graham himself, and come to the same conclusion so many others had before me—that Graham was worthy of respect. I ended up attending every night of his eight-day crusade, and kept coming after my articles were published and my editors wanted no more.

I was drawn to the man just like the throng who filled the city's municipal stadium—among them thousands of Latinos from San Jose's east side whom our newspaper and other civic institutions were struggling to reach. Reaching them was not difficult at all for Billy Graham, whose crusades have led him to the Iron Curtain, into every corner of the Third World and nearly every major city in the United States, North and South.

His ability to connect to a minority population reminded me that he was one of the first prominent white Protestant leaders to see the sin in Jim Crow. One day, long before most people were looking for it, Graham began peppering his sermons with homilies on race. "Jesus Christ belongs neither to the colored nor the white races," he would say. "He belongs to all races . . . and God looks upon the heart." Once, on a hot day in 1952 in Houston, Graham insisted that the part of the stadium segregated for blacks be in the shade. In 1953, he stood up to a hotel management when it tried to bar a black friend from riding on the elevator with him. On March 15, 1953, a year before *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, he insisted that seating for a revival in Chattanooga, Tenn., be integrated. The same month in Dallas, officials there would not agree to his terms. So Graham made a special point during the final part of the service, when those who want to convert "answer the call," that blacks and whites should come down together. And they did.

Graham did not march and he did not protest—something he is still occasionally criticized for—but instead tried to provide an example. "Martin Luther King and I had an understanding between us," Graham told me in 1981. "I said, 'Mike'—I always called him Mike—I said, 'You go into the streets and I'll stay in the stadiums, but I'll demand total integration in all the committees and everything else."

In 1958, a crusade in his hometown of Charlotte, N.C., drew more blacks than had ever come to hear him before. Some of the whites answering the call were met by black counselors when they arrived in front of the pulpit. A few miles away, in Columbia, S.C., this subversive activity was viewed dimly by authorities in the state capitol. Graham, scheduled to go there after Charlotte, was denied permission to hold integrated revivals anywhere in the city. A permit to use the state-capitol grounds was rescinded by Gov. George B. Timmerman, Jr., who denounced Graham as a "well-known integrationist." Graham did not back down, and rallies were held denouncing him.

Carl M. Cannon covers the White House for the Baltimore Sun.

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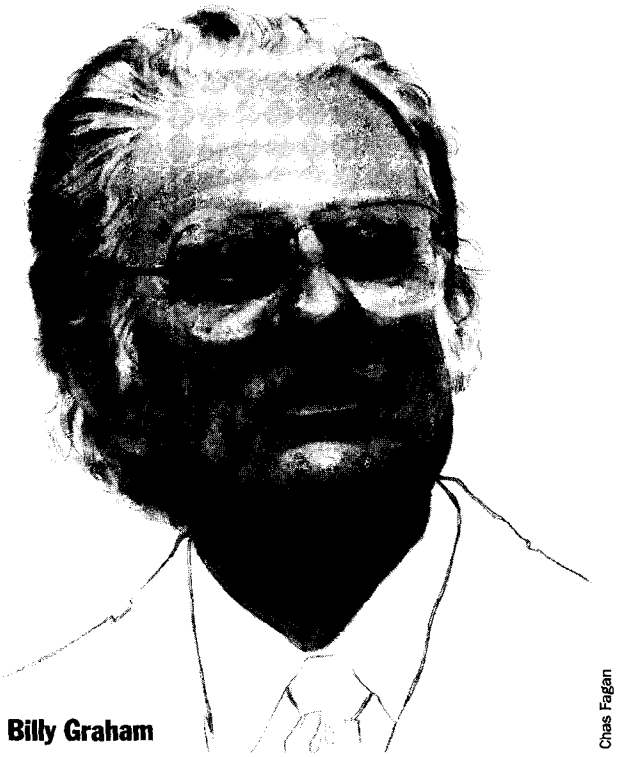
Miraculously, the commanding general at Fort Jackson in South Carolina suddenly offered Graham the use of the base. There, in the autumn of 1958, 60,000 people showed up, the first integrated mass meeting in the state's history.

Perhaps the general's intercession wasn't divine intervention, but something only slightly less exalted: The occupant of the White House was an old Army five-star, who'd met Graham while stationed in Europe. The year before, President Eisenhower had asked for Graham's show of support when he dispatched federal troops to integrate Central High School in Little Rock, Ark. Graham had obliged, and, in fact, went to Arkansas himself, not only then but two years later after the city was wracked by two bombings. (Little Rock's ranking Baptist preacher, Worley Oscar Vaught, Jr., later credited Graham with calming racist passions in that city. In 1989, one of those in Vaught's congregation, then-Gov. Bill Clinton, took Graham to see Vaught as he lay dying.)



Billy Graham

Chas Fagan

Throughout his life, Graham has exhibited a remarkable ability to maintain friendships with presidents and statesmen. They have golfed with him, talked about religion, invited him to spend nights at their residences, invariably trying to get some of his popularity to rub off on them even as he used his associations with them to further his own fame and ministry.

Still, it took time for Graham to get the hang of these politicians. During an Oval Office visit in 1950, Graham was a little dismayed to hear Truman, a nominal Baptist, swearing freely about many subjects, particularly his press coverage. "If it just weren't for these goddamn newspapers after me every day," Truman complained. "And that columnist Drew Pearson, the sorry s.o.b!"

At some point, Graham asked if the group could pray. "Well, I don't suppose any harm could be done by that," Truman replied. Outside the Oval Office, Graham violated protocol by discussing everything the two men had discussed, save Truman's profanity, then compounded his faux pas by kneeling for photographers on the White House lawn.

After drawing a crowd of 120,000 in 1954 to London's Wembley Stadium in a cold rain, Graham was summoned to No. 10 Downing Street by Winston Churchill. An unlit cigar in his mouth, Churchill greeted the young evangelist with the words, "I am an old man without hope for the world." Graham took this as an invitation to preach the New Testament. This time, he knew better than to debrief reporters immediately afterward, though he did blurt out, "I felt like I had shaken hands with Mr. History."

John F. Kennedy, privately seething over Graham's open support of Richard Nixon in 1960, nevertheless sought out the preacher, inviting him for a game of golf five days after being inaugurated. He hoped that Graham would use his influence to make sure the anti-Catholic sentiments some Protestant leaders had expressed against Kennedy would not be an issue in the 1964 campaign. It surely would have worked, too. Graham resolved after that meeting to maintain his custom of dropping by the White House after his foreign trips and reporting to the president. Lyndon Johnson once took Graham on a walk on his spread in Texas and pointed out where he wanted to be buried, and predicted—ordered might be a better word—that Graham would preach at his funeral.

Nixon, perhaps aware of his own demons, did the most to cultivate Graham in the White House. For his part, Graham didn't simply respect Nixon, but actually loved him, a sentiment shared by few of those even in Nixon's inner circle. Graham defended the president far past the point of no return on Watergate; he broke down in tears and became physically ill when he listened to the Watergate tapes with their profanity and bigotry and anger.

Place not your trust in princes, the Psalms say, and it

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was precisely this wisdom that had eluded Graham for a long time. Nixon's fall was a painful lesson, but it may have saved Graham. Although he remained a fixture at White House prayer breakfasts for presidents both Republican and Democratic, Graham learned to keep just a bit of distance. He was careful not to become too closely identified with Ronald Reagan, though he plainly admired Reagan and cherished the direction in which he took the country. Last month, when meeting with President Clinton, Graham told him bluntly that he thought the president had erred on his veto of the partial-birth abortion ban. But he spoke without rancor and was offering spiritual, not political, counsel. Ike followed Graham's advice, but on a religious question—what Bible verse to use in his inauguration. Nixon asked Graham for the most political of advice, whom to select as his running mate. Nixon ignored Graham's astonishing recommendation—Mark Hatfield of Oregon, one of the most liberal Republicans in the U.S. Senate, whom Graham knew to be a deeply religious man.

NIXON IGNORED GRAHAM'S ASTONISHING RECOMMENDATION OF A RUNNING MATE: LIBERAL SEN. MARK HATFIELD OF OREGON.

In October 1932, a group of Christians in Charlotte, worried about the spiritual condition of their city, called for a day of prayer and fasting. The location was a family farm just south of the main part of town, though it is now in the midst of Charlotte's urban sprawl. The event was deemed a success and subsequent vigils were held there. One of those in attendance, a man named Vernon Patterson, told me in 1981 when he was 89 years old that at the fourth such meeting, which occurred in May 1934, he led the group in a prayer asking God to "raise someone up from Charlotte to preach the gospel around the world."

If the scene were in a movie, as it one day surely will be, the camera would cut from the prayer group to a cattle barn across the dirt road where a laborer and the son of the man who owned the farm were pitching hay. "Who are those men in the woods over there?" the farm hand asked the son, then 16. "I guess they're some fanatics that talked Dad into letting him use the place," answered the son.

The 16-year-old was William Frank Graham, Jr., called "Billy Frank" by his family. His own spiritual awakening came gradually, according to members of his family. When young Billy went to Bob Jones College in Tennessee, a Spartan facility run by its namesake, he found the atmosphere too strict and confining. When he transferred to Florida Bible Institute, Jones told him, in one of the great erroneous predictions of modern Christianity, "Bill, you leave . . . you'll never be heard of."

By 1943, Graham had earned a degree in anthropology from Wheaton College in Illinois, met and married his wife, and settled down, it seemed, to the life of a pastor in a Chicago Baptist church. But Graham felt confined. Partly this was due to his restless nature. Mostly it was because of Ruth, who had grown up in China, the daughter of Presbyterian missionaries. Ruth would not give up her denomination for the Baptists, something that helped lead Graham into his ecumenical ministry.

"He would have been some local yokel," their daughter Ann Lotz said. "Mother *freed* him."

After World War II, Graham left his church and hooked up with the new Youth for Christ. In 1947, he took the plunge, announcing to his family that he would become a full-time traveling evangelist, following in the footsteps of men like Jonathan Edwards, D.L. Moody, Billy Sunday, and countless others who roamed the country, pitching their tents wherever they could get a crowd and warning that God was displeased by the sin and excess He saw in a raw young country.

After the end of the Second World War, America was suddenly an older nation—and one learning to fear an adversary, the Soviet Union, which, like Lucifer, had once been a friend. Billy Graham did not shy from this comparison: Three decades before Ronald Reagan called the Soviet Union the evil empire, Billy Graham was equating communism with Satan.

Two days before a fateful four-week revival in Los Angeles in 1949, Truman announced that the Russians had exploded their first nuclear bomb. "Do you know the area that's marked out for the enemy's first atomic bomb?" Graham asked his audiences. "New York! Secondly, Chicago! And third, the city of Los Angeles! Do you know that the Fifth Columnists, called Communists, are more rampant in Los Angeles than any other city in America? God is giving us a desperate choice, a choice of either revival or judgment. There is no alternative! If Sodom and Gomorrah could not get away with sin, if Pompeii and Rome could not escape, neither can Los Angeles!"

To the Arkies and Okies and Texans and other

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transplanted fundies who came to hear Graham preach in California—Billy called himself a "hillbilly" in Los Angeles—this was heady fare. But one didn't need to be a hick to appreciate the power of the thin young preacher with the Hollywood good looks and that deep voice with its distinct North Carolina lilt. In fact, one could possess strong anti-Communist views and have an eye for the theatrical. William Randolph Hearst had both. At the age of 86, he issued from his San Simeon castle a two-word directive to his editors that would change Christendom: "Puff Graham."

Thus, in the waning days of the Los Angeles crusade, as the crowds were beginning to thin out, Graham noticed a horde of reporters show up at his tent one night. As a flashbulb went off in his face, the young preacher asked what had happened. "You've just been kissed by William Randolph Hearst," he was told. From Los Angeles he went to Boston, where there were Hearst reporters waiting, and from there to South Carolina, where he was welcomed as a hero. Forty thousand showed up to hear him preach in Columbia, where *The State* newspaper printed his sermons verbatim every day. His curiosity piqued by old man Hearst, another conservative giant of the publishing world, Henry R. Luce, showed up in South Carolina, along with a team of *Life* reporters. Graham's critics love the Hearst story, but the reverend himself never shied away from it. "I am convinced," he once explained, "that God uses the press in our work, and it has been one of the most effective factors in sustaining public interest through the years."

UNTIL GRAHAM, THERE HAD BEEN ENMITY BETWEEN TENT PREACHERS AND THEIR COUNTERPARTS WHO TENDED ESTABLISHED FLOCKS.

Graham never ran for office, but most lifelong politicians could learn much from how he dealt with the press, especially those hostile to him. Frye Gaillard, a North Carolina author and journalist, once told me that Graham "chews on criticism," but in a constructive way. "He takes a piece of criticism, and if he can't find a way to dismiss it, he invalidates it in another way, by changing his behavior."

A dramatic example occurred in 1950, when the *Atlanta Constitution* ran two pictures that embarrassed Graham. The day after the closing of a successful crusade in that city, the most influential paper in the South ran the pictures on Page One. The first showed a smiling Graham, then only 32. Next to it was a photo of crusade ushers, grinning as they held aloft four bags bulging with money. In so doing, the paper had exposed, without comment, the seamy underbelly of traveling evangelists. For a hundred years, the tent preachers had followed a tradition of asking for "love offerings" on the last day of a revival. The crowd and the preacher understood that this money would go to the preacher. But with Graham drawing record crowds wherever he went, the *Atlanta Constitution* picture painted a devastating portrait. Worried that such questions would stunt his rapidly growing ministry, Graham sought the advice of Jesse Bader, secretary of evangelism for the National Council of Churches.

Until Graham, there had been a historic enmity between the tent preachers and their more staid counterparts who tended established flocks. To draw crowds, the tent preachers would lump the establishment ministers into their list of villains, along with bar owners, corrupt politicians, and various phonies and sellouts. Naturally, this didn't endear them to the ministers, who argued back that the evangelists were great for stirring folks up, but not real good (once they'd pocketed their "love offerings") at the unglamorous follow-up work that was required to keep new converts on a Christian path.

Graham found the rivalry between evangelist preachers and the church pastors pointless. He circumvented it by calling on the local ministers in the towns where he preached and by plugging their congregations in his sermons. Thus, it was to the Protestant establishment that Graham turned in 1950 when he decided that questions about finances might haunt him. Jesse Bader's advice was to follow the simple formula of the ministers: "Pay yourself a salary and don't take 'love offerings,' and you can make history in evangelism. You can lift it to a place of confidence and high regard."

Graham put himself on a salary of $15,000 as president of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, a non-profit corporation with tax-exempt status chartered in Minneapolis. The pay rose gradually through the years and is now $135,000, counting his housing allowance. It is a handsome salary, but one comparable to the salary of a chief pastor in a large church, though Graham's tastes are so simple he has always been hard-pressed to spend anything close to what he makes. The day I interviewed him, he showed up in a company-issue Oldsmobile wearing a polyester suit with a small tear in the back and loafers with a hole in one of the

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soles. He donates the royalties from his books to charitable causes, and from 1950 on, no money collected at any crusade has gone into his pockets. He quotes D.L. Moody, who said, "God will allow millions to pass through my hands for the work of God—if none of it sticks to my fingers."

It would be another 27 years before Graham was questioned about finances. Again, it was a respected southern newspaper, this time his hometown *Charlotte Observer*, that detailed the existence of a huge and little-known fund quietly earning interest in a Dallas bank. The story, written chiefly by a journalist named Robert Hodierne, was picked up and carried by hundreds of newspapers across the country. It told of a "secret fund" of some $23 million that Graham had failed to disclose in interviews with the paper. The implication was that Graham had not been truthful, and it jolted his ministry.

Later, Graham told me that the money in question, held in the name of a charity called the World Evangelism and Christian Education Fund, wasn't part of his ministry and that he didn't mention it because he assumed the paper knew of it. Graham also said that the fund's existence was hardly a secret because he'd held a press conference to announce it in 1971, and that the story had moved on the wire. I checked, and he turned out to be right about that. But he wasn't angry at the *Charlotte Observer*, and didn't lash out at it. In fact, he told me that he considered Hodierne "a friend." In the process, he won over Hodierne some four years after the original exposé. "I think Billy is a sincere Christian," he told me. "I think he incorporates into his life some of the best tenets of Christianity, and chief among those is 'love thy neighbor.'"

Hodierne's conversion was mild compared with that of Associated Press reporter George W. Cornell, who as a young man covered Graham's 1954 crusade in Madison Square Garden. At one point, while the choir sang Graham's trademark hymn, "Just As I Am," and people started filing down from the stands answering the call, Cornell flung down his pen and went with them. AP chief Wes Gallagher took Cornell off the story, though he remained with the AP and went on to become the dean of American religion writers.

Graham told me this story himself, and when I was doing my articles on Graham for the *San Jose Mercury*, I called George Cornell to ask him if it was true. He confirmed it, but then asked me, in the secular tradition of reporters, not to use it, as he was still covering the beat.

I acceded to his request, but now I wish I hadn't. The trouble with newspapers is hardly that there's too much religion in them. Besides, if I had told the story, I'd have done George Cornell proud. ♦

Europe's Welfare States: Dead and Kicking

By Irwin M. Stelzer

Like Bill Clinton, Western European leaders are declaring the end of the era of big government—a radical development indeed for the world's most highly developed welfare states. Unfortunately, Western Europe's politicians are about as reliable as the American president in this regard. The era of big European government is far from over. Indeed, there is not even the slightest prospect that it is coming to an end. At best, the era of *growing* government may be over.

It is a fact commonly acknowledged that, with the possible exception of Great Britain's, Western Europe's principal economies are in danger of suffocating from the statist embrace. France's government bureaucrats now claim more than half of the country's gross domestic product, using some for purposes they deem wise—subsidizing a clapped-out airline (Air France), operating magnificently uneconomic trains—and redistributing the balance in a manner they consider just, after appropriate deductions for administrative costs. Germany's workers, once famous for their work ethic and efficiency, have used the economic

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clout of their trade unions and their political muscle to obtain lavish vacations, sick benefits so generous that it has become almost foolish to work on a Monday or Friday, and other fringes so costly that Germany's principal export has become jobs, as employers flee the country in search of the lower unit labor costs of Eastern Europe, Great Britain, and the United States. And all the continental European countries have made it so difficult to discharge employees that companies are extraordinarily reluctant to hire new workers.

All in all, the huge ancillary costs associated with feeding these ravenous welfare states—even Great Britain's Tory government defends the necessity of consuming 42 percent of all the goods and services Britons can produce—have produced levels of unemployment that may well threaten their future social stability. In France, 12 percent of the work force is out of work; in Germany, one in ten of the country's workers can't find a job; in Spain the unemployment rate is higher still, perhaps double those of its northern partners in the European Union. And in all of these countries the number of long-term unemployed is high and rising.

Michael Ramirez

Helmut Kohl

All of this would be bad but acceptable if relief were in sight. But any fair reading of the European situation leads to the conclusion that things are much more likely to get worse. Start with the drive towards monetary union—the replacement of individual national currencies with a single Eurocurrency. The Germans, determined to replace national sovereignty with a federal Europe, see such monetary union as a giant step on the road to that federal Europe. Perhaps recognizing that Daniel Goldhagen's reading of the German national character in his bestselling *Hitler's Willing Executioners* is correct, Helmut Kohl says he wants to subordinate Germany to Europe and thereby create a European Germany. His critics, of course, argue that he is seeking to accomplish with economic might what Germany never succeeded in accomplishing with military might: a German Europe.

No matter the motive, Kohl is Europe's most durable politician and Germany, even in its currently weakened state, its most powerful economy. Its citizens may not relish surrendering their stable deutschemark for a currency to be managed jointly with the Portuguese, Spanish, Greeks, and Italians. And the inflation fighters at the German Bundesbank may shudder at the thought of dealing with the French, who have vowed to subordinate the austere bankers to the more open-handed politicians on the board of the new European Central Bank. But Kohl pushes on, and monetary union looks set fair to proceed—perhaps a bit behind schedule, perhaps with fewer members than originally anticipated, but proceed nonetheless.

And therein lies a giant land mine. For monetary union means compliance with the membership criteria set forth in the Maastricht Treaty: The most important of those criteria is that national budget deficits cannot exceed 3 percent of a member country's gross domestic product. To meet this standard, many European governments, most notably France and Germany, will either have to raise taxes or reduce outlays. The former is probably politically impossible in these already heavily taxed countries and, even if attempted, would probably so slow growth as to be counterproductive.

That leaves cutting expenditures, which means attacking the cherished welfare state. Which brings us full circle. For it is the generous welfare state that makes it so expensive for employers to add workers; it is the generous welfare state that makes long-term unemployment a viable alternative to work; and it is the generous welfare state that dilutes workers' incentives to show up for work when mildly ill or merely with a felt need for a day off. Equally important, it is the generous welfare state that keeps budget deficits high, both by bloating expenditures and by stifling growth, thereby making tax cuts impossible—especially in countries in which self-financing, supply-side tax cuts are seen as a figment of the American imagination, implanted there by a second-rate movie actor who somehow became president.

It is this welfare state that Europe's politicians cannot attack. When the French leadership proposed relatively mild reforms last year, it found itself confronted with burning automobiles and riots in the streets of Paris, as cosseted public-sector workers shut the country down.

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The plain fact is that there is no support for market-based reforms in France. The Communist-led CGT union, of course, has no use for markets. And the elite that runs the country prefers its decisions to those of the market. The public sector workers prefer the overmanned, underworked existence that has been theirs for as long as they can remember, and the more than 2 million civil servants promise to make a year-round affair of the winter of discontent if Prime Minister Alain Juppé carries out his threat to trim "layers of fat" from the government payroll. The heavily subsidized farmers have no intention of being forced to compete with more efficient American and Eastern European farmers. And the telecommunications/entertainment industry prefers protection from foreign competition, allegedly to preserve the nation's "culture," to producing programs and films people want to see.

As for Germany, there is little hope that the current pressure of high unemployment and the exodus of jobs to more congenial climes will produce reforms drastic enough to allow Germany to break out of the economic trap in which it finds itself. Chancellor Kohl has proposed to trim his welfare state by, among other things, raising the retirement age for women from 60 to 65, freezing child benefits, and reducing sickness benefits so that absenteeism pays only 80 percent of a full day's work. He also wants to encourage employers to increase their hiring by making it somewhat easier for them to fire workers who prove either unsatisfactory or unnecessary, which has provoked criticisms that he seeks to convert Germany to an American-style "hire-and-fire" economy. Public-sector employees have taken to the streets, disrupting transport and mail delivery—a new style of confrontation that bodes ill for Germany's traditionally consensual labor-management relations.

FACING DOUBLE-DIGIT JOBLESSNESS, FRENCH AND GERMAN GOVERNMENTS WILL LOOK UNFAVORABLY ON U.S. IMPORTS.

Finally, Kohl wants to cut the top rates of personal and corporate taxes, lower by a little the hated "solidarity tax" that has financed the reconstruction of East Germany, and scrap the 1 percent tax on personal wealth—the latter measure arousing the ire of the German states, which depend on the revenues from that tax.

These reforms are by no means trivial; Kohl's proposed spending reductions come to 2 percent of GDP. But they are so limited they ensure Germany will remain the high-cost producer in many of the markets in which it must compete. That, at least, is the view of Kurt Biedenkopf, the Christian Democrat prime minister of Saxony and Gerhard Schröder, the Social Democratic premier of Lower Saxony, who argue that Germany's pay-as-you-go welfare system must be scrapped if the costs borne by employed workers are to be reduced sufficiently to make Germany competitive. Significantly, even these two reformers, more radical by far than Kohl, make it clear that they are not espousing "the American way" for Germany. Free markets are not for everyone, and the hunt for that elusive "third way" remains a European sport.

Germany's entry into monetary union with its European partners could thus prove to be an extremely expensive exercise. Even if its costs are trimmed a bit in the next few years, Germany is most likely to remain noncompetitive when the time for a switch to a single currency rolls around. Monetary union will lock into place the relationship of the mark to other currencies, which will prevent the deutsche mark from drifting down in value to make the price of German goods competitive with the prices of their rivals overseas. Unless the rest of Europe adopts highly inflationary policies—unlikely if the European Central Bank holds its members to high standards of fiscal rectitude—Germany will be forced to accept sustained levels of high unemployment or make draconian cuts in its production costs by forcing workers to accept lower real wages and skimpier welfare benefits. No one can predict whether German society can withstand the strains such policies would produce. Or whether the costs would be worth the benefits Kohl perceives in subordinating Germany to a federal Europe.

Americans should not delude themselves into thinking that none of this will have consequences here. French and German governments faced with persistent double-digit unemployment will look unfavorably on what they will see as job-destroying imports—like U.S. imports, $250 billion in all in 1995, fully one-quarter of America's world market. Protectionist measures designed to keep American agricultural products, computers, telecommunications equipment, and other goods and services out of Europe will almost certainly be advanced. So, too, will stepped-up efforts to bar goods from Asia, forcing China, Japan, and other Asian countries to redouble their efforts to capture a greater share of America's markets just when

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this country's trade balance will be deteriorating because of foreclosure from access to a united Europe's 370 million consumers.

An unlovely scenario. And one that American policy-makers blithely ignore as they encourage Europe's nation states to submerge themselves in a centralized, federal Europe, in the vain hope that a United States of Europe will be just like the United States of America—free-trading, free-market oriented, driven to full employment by the efforts of relatively low-taxed entrepreneurs operating in flexible labor and product markets. It won't. ♦

THE SUPPRESSION OF RONALD RADOSH

By Peter Collier

When he heard Ronald Radosh was looking for a place to teach for a year and would bring with him a salary fully paid by a John M. Olin Foundation grant, Stephen Trachtenberg thought he had stumbled onto one of those "win-win" situations college administrators dream of. Trachtenberg, the president of George Washington University, immediately recommended Radosh to his history department. He could have spared himself and Radosh a lot of pain by reading the unusual letter of recommendation from historian Martin Sklar. After praising Radosh as a distinguished scholar and teacher, Sklar warned: "May I briefly add here that I am aware . . . of attacks against Ron . . . by friends and acquaintances of mine, who in a species of what I might most gently refer to as a 'left-wing McCarthyism,' have engaged in or lent themselves to what I and many of them have long fought against in defense of the integrity of the life of the mind and democratic values and practices."

THE HISTORIANS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HAVE GIVEN THEMSELVES OVER TO LEFT-WING MCCARTHYISM.

The George Washington University history department proceeded to do to Radosh exactly what Sklar described, and Trachtenberg and the department's chairman were powerless to keep it from happening.

The irony is that Radosh would seem to have been inoculated against left-wing McCarthyism by birth and upbringing. Radosh's father ran for office in the Milliners Union under the aegis of the Communist-controlled Trade Union Unity League. Radosh himself grew up spending summers at what he now calls "commie camp" in the Catskills and attended Manhattan's Elisabeth Irwin High School (the "Little Red School House for Little Reds") along with others who would figure in the 1960s Left: Cathy Boudin, later of the Weather Underground; black Communist Angela Davis; and, ironically, given the direction of Radosh's future work, Michael and Robert Meeropol, the orphaned children of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

At the University of Wisconsin, Radosh served as secretary-treasurer of the Labor Youth League, a Communist front, and became a star student of William Appleman Williams, dean of America's revisionist historians. Radosh was already an important figure in the New Left when he secured a teaching post at City University of New York (CUNY) and became one of those scholar-activists who began their long march through the universities in the late 60s, remaking the profession as they went. He agitated against the war in Vietnam while writing articles for fringe journals like *Studies on the Left* and completing his first book on how conservatives in the labor movement had influenced U.S. foreign policy.

Radosh experienced a metaphysical lurch in 1973 during a radical junket to Cuba when his little group of revolutionary tourists was taken to one of Castro's mental hospitals and saw one ward filled with patients who had been recently lobotomized. He was disturbed enough to voice his concerns to the American tour

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guide who looked at him deeply for a moment and then said, "Ron, we have to understand the difference between capitalist lobotomies and socialist lobotomies."

But he didn't step over his personal Rubicon until ten years later when he published *The Rosenberg File* with co-author Joyce Milton. As a teenager he had stood in Union Square during the tearful death watch for the Rosenbergs. He had been cheered when the defense of the couple's innocence, the chief cause of the Communist-party ghetto in the 50s, was taken up by the New Left, which romanticized the Rosenbergs even before it fully rediscovered them and transformed them into a Holy Couple who had undergone a public burning to atone for America's Cold War sins. But after evaluating newly available materials obtained under the Freedom of Information Act in the late 70s, Radosh was forced to conclude that Julius had certainly been guilty of spying for the Soviets and that Ethel had at least been his fellow traveler.

The Rosenberg File was named one of the ten best books of 1983 by the *New York Times*, but for Radosh it marked his expulsion from the Garden of the Left. At a raucous debate on the Rosenbergs at New York's Town Hall, he was stigmatized as a traitor and compared to the contemptible snitches who fed lies to the House Un-American Activities Committee. Blanche Wiesen Cook, a colleague at CUNY (and author of a recent biography attempting to out Eleanor Roosevelt as a lesbian) with whom Radosh had once co-edited a book of essays, gave an interview to the *Guardian* accusing him of betraying the profession. At meetings he attended of the Organization of American History he found that former friends would not talk to him unless they found themselves alone with him in an elevator.

"RON, WE HAVE TO UNDERSTAND THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CAPITALIST LOBOTOMIES AND SOCIALIST LOBOTOMIES," THE TOUR GUIDE SAID.

Radosh plunged ahead in his own personal revisionism. In the mid-1980s he traveled to Central America and wrote articles for the *New Republic* and other magazines opposing Communist movements in Nicaragua and El Salvador. He published a widely read piece in the *New Criterion* on the Spanish Civil War (as much a hot-button topic on the left as the Rosenbergs) in which he concluded that a victory by the International Brigades would not have saved Spanish democracy but would have converted the country into a People's Republic under Soviet control. This year he has already published a book on the *Amerasia* magazine spy case (reviewed in THE WEEKLY STANDARD's April 1 issue) and has another, on the fall of the Democratic party, coming out this summer. Worst of all for his enemies on the left, Radosh did all this work while ostentatiously maintaining his identity as a Democrat and a member of quasi-socialist organizations such as the editorial board of *Dissent* magazine.

But working in the radicalized, politically correct university of the 90s had come to feel like a death march. ("The *Journal of American History* now reads like *Studies on the Left* or *Radical History Review* did thirty years ago," says Radosh.) He retired from CUNY in 1992, worked briefly for American Federation of Teachers president Albert Shanker, and then got a three-year grant from the Olin Foundation. Last year Radosh traveled from his home outside Washington to New York every week to teach at Adelphi University on Long Island, but as that school became besieged with problems, he looked for some place closer to teach. Michael Horowitz of the Hudson Institute thought that the relatively mediocre George Washington University history department might benefit from having someone of Radosh's stature and brought him together with Trachtenberg. The events that followed transform this story from an incident into a case study.

In late April, history department chairman Edward Berkowitz talked to Radosh and arranged for him to give a colloquy as a way of meeting his fellow faculty. Radosh gave the talk he had given on other campuses—about the cultural meaning of the guilt of the Rosenbergs and other spies previously seen as blameless martyrs, and about the effect the recently released Venona papers revealing the extent of Soviet espionage in the United States would have on the study of postwar American history.

The questions that followed were encoded with decorous hostility. Wasn't Radosh actually a "public intellectual" rather than an academic historian per se? one historian asked. Another underlined the fact that Radosh had arrived at his current political position as a "Ben Wattenberg Democrat" after coming from an Old Left family, thus implying that Radosh's ideological journey had been a pilgrimage of betrayal. If the Rosenbergs were guilty, said a third historian, so what? Wasn't the case still used by the government as an excuse for the repression of the American Left which followed? Nobody laughed when Radosh tried to deflect this question with a bon mot— "These people were not Left, they were East."

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Radosh had no idea his appointment might be in trouble until a brief article appeared in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* at the beginning of May, quoting Berkowitz to the effect that faculty members "oppose Mr. Radosh's politics." Some of his would-be colleagues angrily questioned the propriety of having someone on staff who was supported by a "right wing" foundation. ("This would not have been a problem if it had been a foundation like Ford which never gets called 'left wing,' although it is," says one senior member of the department.) There was also a desire on the part of some GWU historians to show Trachtenberg he couldn't impose a hire on them. And Radosh was further damaged when it was implied that in addition to the "conservative" positions he had taken in his work as a "public intellectual," he might have been guilty of "racism" at one point along the way.

The innuendo was based on an incident that had occurred in the late 80s when Radosh applied for an advertised chair in American history at George Mason University. He was led to think that he was being seriously considered, only to be told at the last minute that he was "overqualified" and that Roger Wilkins, a gadfly who sat on the *New York Times* editorial board and had connections to the left-wing Institute for Policy Studies, had been selected instead. "I could understand if it had been another historian who got the chair," Radosh later said of the incident during an interview in *Continuity* magazine, "but they gave [it] to a radical black journalist. That looks like a political decision to me, not an academic one."

Kent Lemon

Ronald Radosh

The *Continuity* interview caused a minor tempest. Wilkins complained about Radosh's comments in an article in the *Nation*, whereupon *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen, no right-winger, defended Radosh on the grounds that his interpretation of events seemed reasonable enough in light of what had indeed happened. But in the university, where criticisms of affirmative action—even those which don't use the term—are not taken lightly, the comments took on a different coloration. Radosh's words were read aloud in meetings of the GWU history department and, as Berkowitz says, "caused much consternation."

Radosh had supplied references not only from Martin Sklar, but also from Herbert Parmet, Walter LaFeber, Arthur Schlesinger, and other eminent figures scarcely friendly to conservatives. But their opinions seemed to weigh less than those of others contacted by GWU faculty members who were known to have Radosh on their enemies lists. One of these was Roger Wilkins himself. Another was David Nasaw, chairman of the graduate department in history at CUNY (and someone who willingly identifies himself as "a person of the Left"). Although he did not teach with Radosh at CUNY or serve as chairman when he was there, Nasaw told his contact at GWU that he was "astounded that there was not an open search for the position" and opposed the hire on procedural grounds. "I do have personal ideological arguments with Ron," he admits, "but I hope that these did not get in the way of my objectivity."

Columbia University history professor Eric Foner, who also got a call from Washington, insists that upholding the principle of "an open search for jobs" was also his reason for opposing Radosh. Yet Foner, a scholar of 19th-century American history whose Communist-party upbringing was roughly similar to Radosh's, has been a determined if episodic critic of Radosh. He panned *The Rosenberg File* upon publication; has recently criticized the book again in his introduction to a new edition of *We Are Your Sons*, the pro-Rosenberg account of the spy case by the Meeropol brothers; and has had an acerbic exchange with Radosh over the significance of the Venona papers in the *New York Post*. At about the same time he was insisting that his only objection to Radosh had to do with the chilling effect of hiring people without a full and open search, Foner committed what some might see as a Freudian slip when he stated publicly that Dinesh D'Souza's ideas were so reprehensible that he should not be allowed to speak at a *Nation-National Review* debate on affirmative action.

Faced with protracted conflict in his department,

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Berkowitz appointed a three-person committee to deal with the Radosh issue. One of the members, Peter Hill, says, "The position we settled on—it was not entirely rational, I admit—was that if we were recruiting for a chaired position we would not have selected Radosh." And so Radosh—whose salary, you will recall, was already paid for—was rejected.

Like his colleagues, Hill insists the rejection of Radosh was based on procedure, not politics. (This appeal to protocol is made with such smug and implausible unanimity by the GWU historians, who are obviously desperate not to be accused of ideology, that it calls to mind the old punch-line: Ain't nobody here but us chickens, boss.) Yet the sudden assertion of liberal principle creates cognitive dissonance because of the network of ideas that now define and dominate the intellectual output of the profession—that the personal is political; that all definitions are "contested"; that power and ideology determine social outcomes; that objectivity is an illusion manipulated by partisans of the status quo. It is a profession, moreover, that apparently has no trouble with irregularities it likes. Thus the hiring of a non-historian like Roger Wilkins to teach history creates no outcry. A movement figure like Julian Bond has appointments at two universities. And sometime Stalinist Angela Davis now holds the prestigious Presidential Chair at the University of California.

After Radosh was rejected, GWU president Trachtenberg tried to put the best face on the decision: "I give them opportunities. They're allowed to be wrong. They're dead wrong about Radosh and I told them so, but I'm not the chairman of the history department."

Others drew what for them were the appropriate morals. Says Eric Foner, "The principle of open competition for jobs has got to be paramount in a free intellectual atmosphere." GWU historian Cynthia Harrison, one of those who opposed Radosh, asks, "What's the story? He wasn't qualified. I don't see any story here."

And historian Eugene Genovese, who like Radosh has come a long way in his intellectual journey, says, "What you have here are the same arguments that used to be used to keep blacks and women, and for that matter Marxists, out of the university. This profession is sick." ♦

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KUNDERA GOES FRENCH

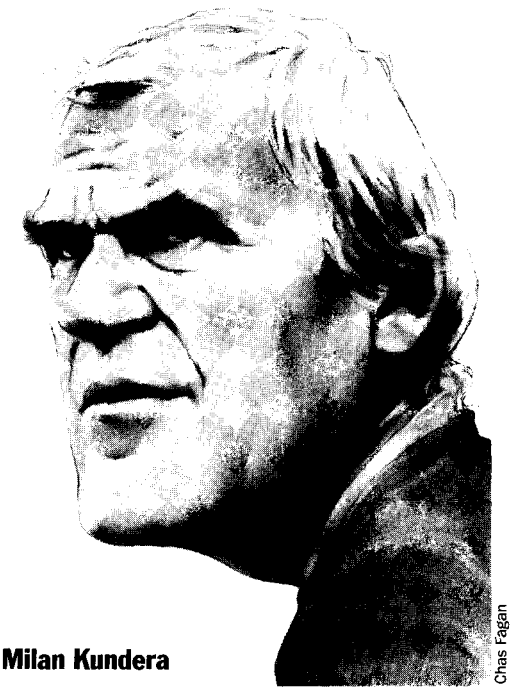
By Frederic Raphael

In its French edition, published by Gallimard, *Slowness—La lenteur*—comes scarfed with a red paper bandanna on which the word KUNDERA appears, a huge one-word promise. Gallimard's habit of singularizing its A-team of authors is not uncommon in France. However, to be elected to the band of the bandannaed still implies that the Czech emigré novelist Milan Kundera has crossed some high-stepped threshold of notoriety. The reader is being assured of something at once familiar and—buy! buy!—crispy new.

In any culture, once an author has an officially registered territory, a brave departure is seen in the light of what he has done before: John Updike, having perfected his elaborately rabbity style, was able to compose stunningly—the best talents get the best adverbs—versatile variations on it. Updike's impersonations of the novelist Henry Bech, a *Jew* already, were sweetly typical in their salable daring. If you star in the right circus, the safety net and the high wire can be one and the same thing.

Reputations for versatility depend on the possession of persistent underlying features; a master of disguise cannot be applauded unless we can recognize just how unrecognizable he is being: Dustin Hoffman and Robin Williams have proved the point again and again, which may be once or six times too often. So, let's hear it for KUNDERA, who has not only done it again but done it in a different language and in a different culture.

Menacing and cheerful, philosophical and sexy, Kundera both cares about life and talks dirty. Think Solzhenitsyn with bubbles and without the bearded metaphysics. Who better matches a modern publisher's ideal image of an accessibly important (foreign) author than a champagne-style intellectual?



Milan Kundera

Chas Fagan

As any competent blurbist will tell you, Kundera began as a poet and was an early postwar member of the Czech Communist party before being dropped, picked up again, and then again, definitively, dropped in 1970, after the 1968 Prague spring turned into a prolonged winter to whose discontents writers could allude only at the risk of being drafted to ignominious jobs of the kind usually reserved for the salt of the earth. Kundera first became infamously famous in pre-Dubček Czechoslovakia with a "political" novel entitled *The Joke*, a portrait of how, in totalitarian regimes, fun is not fun if it is not socialist realist fun: Its hero mocks his reluctant mistress's political rectitude by sending her a postcard in only-joking praise of Trotsky, upon which—having been sent literally underground to work in the mines—he discovers that no joke is *only* a joke when the Party is its butt.

The rest of Kundera's *oeuvre*, until he left "the East" (not a division of Europe he cares to recognize), played variations on the theme of the absurdity of trying to be "serious" about anything in an absurd society. The interplay of the erotic and the "political" gave Kundera's early stories a lugubrious zest congenial to the taste of his early champion in the West, Philip Roth, whose own *The Prague Orgy* turned out to be a tune played on much the same set of pipes.

Like other principled Eastern authors, whose courage was defined by challenges to a regime that parodied Marxist-Leninist morality while remaining subject to Russian *diktat*, Kundera doubtless applauded the collapse and ejection of the occupying power. But in the case of Czechoslovakia, the restitution of liberty and the opportunity for pluralistic give-and-take were followed by the country tearing itself in half. And the loss of the Communist behe-

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moth left an anti-Communist writer like Kundera bereft of the witless Goliath at whom he had launched his ironic sling-shots. The crassness of the Communist authorities had lent glamour to a good-soldierly slyness which now had no campaign to fight. Communism's collapse has led Kundera—who literally drove his way out of Czechoslovakia in 1974 and ended up in France—to become a specifically French author. *Slowness* (now available in English from HarperCollins, 156 pages, $21, translated by Linda Asher) was written in French, which makes Kundera part of a distinguished exile tradition to which *Slowness* either deliberately or inadvertently pays homage.

I do not know whether Madame Kundera is really called Véra, as she is in *Slowness*, but I do know that Vladimir Nabokov's inspiring wife bore that name and that Nabokov, like the Polish-born Joseph Conrad, is another of the few great writers who became master of languages not originally their own. Conrad brought a moral maturity to his adopted country and Nabokov a grammarian's playfulness, which added a dimension to the prosaic weaponry of English. Since part of the action, such as it is, of *Slowness* takes place at an entomology conference, there is further internal evidence of slipstreaming—for Nabokov had a butterfly named after him.

On the strength of *Slowness*, however, no one can yet accuse Kundera of having taught the frogs a new way to hop. On the contrary, he jumps to their modish tune. He has contracted his talent to embrace the anti-narrative narrative style that disdains realistic fictions and freshens speculative fancies with interstitial erotic sorbets. In the gastronomic tradition of cooks whose skill lies in transforming yesterday's scraps into how-does-he-do-it? novelties, Kundera's "story" of himself and his wife and their night in a *château*-style hotel is double-decked with what purports to be an obscure 18th-century *nouvelle* in which a *chevalier* enjoys an erotic night to remember in the company of a noble lady. Come the dawn, he discovers Madame de T. is only using him to hide the identity of her *real* lover from her jealous husband.

The author of this tale-within-a-tale is said to be "Vivant Denon," whom I cannot find in any reference book and whose name, which translates as "Living From [Saying] No," certainly smells pseudonymous. The *chevalier* and his lying partner's protraction of pleasure—to which fraud adds its regular zest—is emblematic of that sweetness which Talleyrand later said no one who had not known the *ancien régime* would ever be able to imagine. Kundera contrasts the dawdling extensions of antique hedonism with the hectic urgency of modern life. The modern cult of speed is evidence of our desire to accelerate conquests and forget the past.

Kundera's quick book honors his observation by being both brief and forgettable. Fast food is destroying French cuisine; the fast book does the same for French literature. Kundera supplies a text which we can say we have read without having to read anything. You have finished *Slowness* before you have been given enough information to remember who the characters are, or why they are doing what they are doing, if they are really doing anything.

Since this is Kundera's first fictional attempt to be French, he pays smart homage to local gods. The Marquis de Sade and Choderlos de Laclos (author of *Les liaisons dangereuses*) receive deferential nods. When Vincent, the protagonist of the novel's present-day section, has a mandatory skinny dip, it is with the juicy Julie, a waitress whose earlier self used to hang out with the divine Marquis. Despite her other tabulated charms, Vincent hankers after the waitress's "asshole." Linda Asher, the quite competent translator, cannot make this target as appetizing as the original's "*trou de cul*," perhaps because "asshole" is what Sylvester Stallone and Bobby De Niro call everybody, not having access to *connasse* and similar French terms of endearment.

Kundera's desire to innovate by mentioning the unmentionable is weakened by the fact that English poet Craig Raine has written a rather good poem about the beauty of what we are told Guillaume Apollinaire—in the trenches at the time—called "the ninth portal" of the human body. However, Kundera clearly believes that sodomy still scandalizes the *bourgeoisie* and so he talks a lot about it without ever getting to the short strokes (spiel, not speleology, is his real thing). Mrs. Asher translates "*sodomiser*" as "bugger," which is a little too colloquially *un*clinical. She also renders "*sans couilles*" as "no-balls," a turn of phrase which has a meaning, so far as I know, only in very English English: a foul ball in cricket is known as a "no-ball." She might better have rendered the phrase as "gutless." Mrs. Asher's problem overall is that one cannot find happy equivalents in any language for the terms of a "novel" whose pattern is merely whimsical and whose dialogue is merely patter. Among what purport to be conversations between paper-thin characters, we are treated to a chat between Vincent and his member (shades of Alberto Moravia here, as there are echoes of Umberto Eco everywhere).

The unquenchable vitality of The Modern Novel suggests that fiction is never more alive than when declared dead. It may be that modern writers are right to disdain

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the old "realistic" narrative line, but personally, I prefer to hear where the marquis is off to when he goes out at five o'clock rather than be treated to show-off sophisms. However, the death of fiction is a function of what near-artists—often academics—would like to be the case: Critics dream of the ceding of literature's whole estate to—let us say—no-balled professors who cannot believe that making lists of The Canon is not an art form. Fiction is one of our only remaining ways of subverting the official histories of politicians and the officious curricula of pundits. It is a symptom of freedom, not least from second-guessing meta-McLuhanites.

Fiction has to be imagined, not managed, which is why the supposedly great editor Maxwell Perkins probably did more to warrant the destruction of American writerly integrity than anyone else. It has also to be based on observation, even of what is being imagined. This is what Nabokov meant by "caressing the details." Let me give one example of where Kundera fails in just such observation: Very early on, he describes a child in a French restaurant, *standing on his chair and singing*. I have spent some time eating out in France during the last thirty years and I have never seen or heard a French child, of whatever age, so much as misbehave at table. So: Either Kundera's child was not French—which we should have been told—or he *never existed*, not literally but in the author's imagination; he was simply pasted in there. The phony singing child alerts the reader to the fact that this whole "story" is a got-up confection disguised as fiction by an author who can do the French language all right but now has no abiding, well, *raison d'être*.

Claudio Magris, whose *Danube* is probably his best-known translated work, has written a marvelously detailed and lucidly instructive scholarly work entitled, not too handily perhaps, *The Hapsburg Myth in Modern Austrian Literature*, in which he analyzes the influence of the vanished supremacy of the emperor Franz Josef on a whole range of writers, from Grillparzer to Joseph Roth by way of Schnitzler, Hofmannsthal, Musil, and Karl Kraus. Few of these very different writers escaped the shadows cast by a Hapsburg sun that had long ceased to shine; they may have been subservient, subversive, or satirical, but we can never understand their attitudes without some knowledge of the myth of the Hapsburgs, an awareness of the real illusion of an empire kept together, after a fashion, by a determination to preserve a *Zeitgeist* which even its most damning critics adored and whose demise killed their muse.

It is not difficult to see how the Hapsburg myth had a sort of second coming in the spuriously homogenizing ethos of Eastern European communism. Whether or not it was ever a valid system, the "morality" of the phony monolith not only supplied something against which Kundera could react with wit, it was also an irreplaceable source of an ironic vigilance and an accurate satire which sharpened its critics' now blunted darts. Whether that is an argument for lamenting its passing is quite another matter.

Slowness is no good because its author's once bold voice is now raised not against the grotesqueries of a gimcrack regime but in order to flesh out his list of works with signs of recent life. He has been reduced to concocting a cooked-up scrapbook—half-essay, half- (unfilmable) film treatment—whose recipes, images, and naughtinesses have mostly been either rescripted from his own work or inspired by other people's. ♦

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Books

Art for Rilke's Sake

By Christopher Caldwell

Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) is by general agreement the greatest German-language lyric poet of this century—indeed, of *any* century, by an agreement scarcely less general. He is a Mount Everest of translation: Because his poetry relies so heavily on the consonantal logjams of German vocabulary and the unpredictable fungibility of German syntax, and because it makes use of dozens of meters, both doggedly maintained and ingeniously improvised upon, Rilke draws translators by the dozen, who try to scale his heights simply because he is There. The results vary, from Stephen Mitchell's rendering of "The Gazelle" (1907)—

> to see you: tensed, as if each leg
> were a gun
> loaded with leaps, but not fired,
> while your neck
> holds your head still, listening: as
> when,
>
> while swimming in some isolated
> place,
> a girl hears leaves rustle, and turns
> to look:
> the forest pool reflected in her face.

—to Robert Bly's of "People at Night" (1899):

> People are horribly disfigured by
> light,
> which falls in drops from their
> faces.
> And if they've all gotten together
> one night,
> you're looking at a very shaky
> world
> all thrown together any which way.

There is thus little way for the English-speaking reader to determine whether Rilke was the giant of observation we read in Mitchell's translation or the prattling pseudointellectual Bly offers us.

As Ralph Freedman, emeritus professor of comparative literature at Princeton, makes plain in his new *Life of a Poet: Rainer Maria Rilke* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 640 pages, $35), he was a little of both. Rilke was born in Prague to a declining branch of a German-speaking military family—declining to the point where his father was grateful for a job as a railway clerk. This would not stop Rilke from feigning an aristocratic pedigree for the rest of his life. Pampered, religious, neurasthenic, Rilke was sent away to one military school at ten and sent home from another, under murky circumstances, at fifteen. The expulsion did nothing to dim his love of military pomp, which found its way into his early, more conventional poems. Nor did it dim his capacity for work: By his early twenties, Rilke had published two books of poems, founded a literary magazine, and written a number of bad Ibsen-like dramas, while exhibiting an uncanny ability to sniff out rich patrons that would never abandon him. By the first decade of the century, before reaching thirty, he was famous for a handful of books that, were they all he ever wrote, would have left him obscure today.

But then he began to find his voice. In 1897, a year after he had moved to Munich, the poet began his love affair with the Prussian salon intellectual and sexual adventurer Lou Andreas-Salomé. Fifteen years his senior, she had been Nietzsche's lover and an early disciple of Freud, and was now (chastely) married to a brilliant philologist who took it well when Rilke moved into the family home in Berlin. A pseud par excellence, "Lou" (as no biographer fails to call her) was the source of many of Rilke's ideas on psychiatry and sex, art and society.

In 1899 they went to Russia, the beginning of a peripatetic existence that would take Rilke from Berlin to Paris to Rome to Capri to the Istrian Coast to North Africa and finally to Switzerland—never staying anywhere for more than a few months, but never completely leaving any place behind, either. Rilke took to Russia in a way that he did nowhere else; he even learned the language and began reading deeply in its poetry, which would lead to a fruitful correspondence with the poets Pasternak and Tsvetaeva in the last years of his life. Rilke was inspired (esthetically) by the pious life of Russian monks to write his *Book of Hours*, which moved his verse not towards traditionalism but further towards modernism.

Lou gave Rilke as long a leash as he gave her. At the artists colony of Worpswede, near Bremen, Rilke had an affair with the sculptor Clara Westhoff and married her in 1901. Seven months later she bore him a daughter, and eleven months after that he left for Paris, having decided that family was incompatible with poetic creation. He spent long hours reading in the Bibliothèque Nationale and visiting his wife's mentor, Auguste Rodin, for several months in 1902. From Rodin, Rilke not only learned to think of poems, like sculpture, as built objects capable of radiating powerful messages, he also came to believe in art as a powerful force for order in all realms of life.

It is on the minutely observed poems he wrote shortly thereafter that his reputation outside the academy now rests. "Archaic Torso of Apollo" (1908) is the epiphanic expression of all Rilke had learned from Rodin:

> We did not know his legendary
> head
> with eyes like ripening fruit. And
> yet his torso

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is still suffused with brilliance from inside,
like a lamp, in which his gaze, now turned to low,

gleams in all its power. Otherwise
the curved breast could not dazzle you so, nor could
a smile run through the placid hips and thighs
to that dark center where procreation flared.

Otherwise, this stone would seem defaced
beneath the translucent cascade of the shoulders
and would not glisten like a wild beast's fur:

would not, from all the borders of itself,
burst like a star: for here there is no place
that does not see you. You must change your life.

This is, for all its boiling priapism, a religious poem, a call to conversion. But conversion to what? Part of the answer is in the series of letters Rilke was exchanging at the time with Franz Xaver Kappus, a student at the military academy where Rilke had been so unhappy. Published as *Letters to a Young Poet*, it is the best known of his works in English and contains a beautiful optimism not only towards the poet's calling but also towards the things of this world. After Kappus writes to bashfully explain that he has left the academy for a military career, Rilke surprises him with a generous vote of approval and congratulation:

> I am glad you have that steady expressible existence with you, that title, that uniform, that service, all that tangible and limited reality, which . . . not only allows but actually cultivates a self-reliant attentiveness. . . . Art, too, is only a way of living, and, however one lives, one can, unwittingly, prepare oneself for it; in all that is real one is closer to it and more nearly neighbored than in the unreal half-artistic professions, which, while they pretend proximity to some art, in practice belie and assail the existence of all art, as for instance the whole of journalism does and almost all criticism and three-quarters of what is called and wants to be called literature.

Looking to Rilke's own life, we find two consistent postures even across the years in which his poetry was changing profoundly. The first is a respect for craft and the life of action, visible in his adulation of Rodin and his admonition to young Kappus. The second is a tendency to pillage all his experience for its most poetic elements and to view all his acquaintances as steps on the ladder of his poetic ascent, whether emotionally, esthetically, or financially. Rilke used people.

Rainer Maria Rilke

Sherz Verlag/Fromm International

There is thus nothing modest about his calling art "only a way of living." What he means is that, with the end of religious certitudes, it is *the only way of living* that can give any purpose to life.

Freedman's book is the most comprehensive biography of Rilke in English. Too comprehensive. A German book called *Rainer Maria Rilke: A Chronicle of His Life and Work* records what the pilgrim poet was doing on almost every single day of his adult life; at times it seems Freedman is merely trying to take that book and beef it up. The outside world intrudes little on Rilke in Freedman's recounting, which makes the book a long slog. Nor does Freedman, whose academic specialization has been Virginia Woolf, André Gide, and Hermann Hesse, bring any skepticism to the high modernism in which Rilke wrote—the stuffy classicism of our time, which even today sets the terms for the creation of high art long after it has ceased to produce any. Freedman is inclined to see Rilke's movement toward the discovery of a distinctive poetic voice as an unambiguous good, a model. And admittedly, the poetic results of his single-minded devotion are (employing a word to whose promiscuous overuse Rilke contributed mightily) awesome.

Yet in Rilke's hands, that meant cannibalizing every basis for human relations—religion, ethics, commerce, sex, love, friendship, conversation—to nourish the esthetic. And since Erich Heller's landmark 1957 essay "Rilke and Nietzsche," Rilke has been Exhibit A for the case that there's something awfully problematic about substituting art for shattered religious certitudes. Rilke is, Heller tells us,

> the poet of a world of which the philosopher is Nietzsche. . . . We can no longer be sure that we love the lovable and abhor the detestable. Good does no good and evil no harm. Terror and bliss are one. . . . Rilke is uniquely successful in evoking the traditional responses of the emotions to fundamentally new impacts. At his bidding the soul travels as though through familiar land; but on arrival it finds itself in a place where it never meant to be.

The regular, old material world, meanwhile, unsanctified by the artist-god, becomes "a slum to the spirit and an affront to the artist."

As Novalis wrote two centuries ago, an irreligious artist "can work in the medium of religion as though it were bronze." But Rilke's work, particularly the ambitious and difficult *Duino Elegies* he wrote between 1911 and 1922 and which academic critics favor, is something more extreme: Art for Art's Sake, elevated to theology.

Heller's anti-estheticism, his belief that literature is *only* a body of ideas, may be an apt reaction to

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the *Duino Elegies*, but they are an overreaction to the rest of Rilke's poetry. Similarly, Rilke's work in traditional European verse forms undermines his Nietzscheanism: What he says about destroying tradition is refuted by the beautiful and traditional way he says it. Still, Rilke's life and work point to the resolution of an enduring paradox: that ours should be the century in which lyric poetry both reached its apogee of beauty and ceased to be an art of any consequence. ♦

Books

Alan Isler's Images

By James W. Tuttleton

In 1994, Alan Isler published *The Prince of West End Avenue,* a hilarious first novel about a zany production of *Hamlet* in the "Emma Lazarus," an Upper West Side Jewish retirement home. So engaging were Isler's ambulatory octogenarians and so nutty were their theatrical schemings that the book, published by a small firm in Bridgehampton, N.Y., was nominated for a National Book Critics Circle Award. It also won the National Jewish Book Award for that year, an auspicious accomplishment for a debut novelist.

Isler's second novel, *Kraven Images* (Bridge Works, 264 pages, $21.95), has a comparable antic disposition, a tendency to the broadest farce, and yet a felt seriousness arising from what is lost to all of us in the devouring maw of time. The evanescence of youth, the transience of joy, the brevity of what's left—all these make Isler's characters long for "quality time," in that vulgar modern locution, for rich experience filled to the brim.

Since some readers may not yet have seen *The Prince of West End Avenue* (now available in a Penguin paperback, $9.95), a few words about it may make *Kraven Images* a bit clearer. The "prince" of the title is Otto Korner, an elderly and distinguished minor poet from Berlin who had known Rilke and been involved with Dadaists like Tristan Tzara during the World War I years. But, with the rise of fascism, his family in Berlin was murdered, and Korner was thrown into a concentration camp. Settling in America after the war, he worked for many years at the public library seeking an answer to the survivor's unanswerable question, "Why me?" And now, at 83, he finds himself retired to the "Enema Lazarus," as the dyspeptic residents call it, planning a performance of *Hamlet*. Otto is a believer in Principle, Purpose, and Intention—in a divinity that shapes our ends. And his dismissal of Accident and Coincidence as the rankest philosophical heresy opens the door to some of Isler's most interesting moral reflections. *Hamlet* is somehow the key to Otto Korner's life.

What was rotten in the state of Denmark—the mixture of politics, love, and murder that paralyzes Hamlet in the Shakespearean play—merges with what was rotten in the state of pre-Hitlerian Germany, when even Jews believed in *Kaiser, Vaterland, und Kameradschaft*. Like Hamlet blind to the evil of the king, the young aesthete Otto—in love with the faithless Magda Damrosch and beguiled by the inane nihilism of the Dadaists—cannot believe in the reality of the rising political evil that will leave her dead, his family exterminated, and his world in ruins.

The Prince of West End Avenue sets up—quite unobtrusively but very skillfully—three sometimes serious, sometimes farcical, but always related parallels through Korner's flashbacks and recollections. They link together the European political past and Korner's present "institutionalized" state; the self that Korner is and the self he was (or wants to remember having been); and life as it is lived and its representation in art.

In the hilarious rehearsals for *Hamlet* in the Emma Lazarus, the deadly conflicts of European history and the tragic implication of Shakespearean art are transposed into utter farce. Something is rotten in the retirement home too: The amateur production is in disarray because its director, Adolphe Sinsheimer, has unexpectedly gone to his reward in a Long Island cemetery, where all the other residents of the Emma Lazarus will eventually meet the gravedigger. In the confusion brought on by this death, the wily old Nahum Lipschitz has seized power and appointed himself director of the play. He ousts elderly satyr Freddy Blum and claims the role of Hamlet for himself. Lazar Poliakov, a millionaire old-time Bolshevik, is the gravedigger's assistant and sworn enemy of Lipschitz, an old-time Zionist. Called the Red Dwarf because of his size and politics, Poliakov wants "The People" to vote on every aspect of the play production. The temperamental Tosca Dawidowicz, a seventy-something Ophelia in pink plastic curlers, refuses to act opposite doddering Freddy Blum because "his halitosis could make her forget her lines." Presiding over the Emma Lazarus is the authoritarian Dr. Hugo Weisskopf (wryly called the Kom-

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mandant) and his several assistants, including the oversexed Dr. Comyns and an empty-headed masseuse with a Ph.Th.D. (Physical Therapy Director).

In the course of the rehearsals in *The Prince of West End Avenue*, mysterious things happen. Someone steals Otto's prized possession—a framed letter of praise from fellow poet Rilke. He begins to get poison-pen letters, in the form of egregious verse, from the unknown thief. A new employee from Cleveland, Mandy Dattner, is an exact double for the beloved Magda Damrosch Otto lost in the Holocaust. And quite mysteriously, Lipschitz falls or is pushed and breaks his hip, taking him out of the production. Otto, slated to be the ghost, is finally voted in as director and title character so as to restore sanity to the hilariously disordered production of *Hamlet*.

In affectionately recounting the story of these eccentric seniors, Alan Isler discloses a breathtaking knowledge of American "Yinglish," West Side delicatessen culture, cockamamie Jewish prejudices, and the universal vanity of human wishes. English by birth but a longtime New Yorker and sometime professor of English at Queens College, Isler has now returned to England. In this he is much like the protagonist of his new novel, *Kraven Images*—a British-born English professor at Moshulu College in the Bronx who returns to England as a middle-aged man.

Set in 1974, *Kraven Images* puts the title character face to face with a nutty assemblage of flower children, SDS types, the utterly bored, and wild-eyed madmen—"the sons and daughters of anti-intellectualism in its revolutionary ascendancy." The faculty at Moshulu are hardly better. Isler's portraits of Zinka Bleistift, "the department's most militant pacifist," and Kraven's chairman, the ursine Aristotle Papadakis, familiarly called "Papa Doc," are richly satirical in the best college-novel tradition. Given the absurdity of all this, Kraven has "transformed his career into theater, a private entertainment in which he starred, and thus he coped with his uncertain times."

Alan Isler

Kent Lemon

We are given glimpses of his nonstop sexual fantasies about one or another undergraduate coed, like the voluptuous Nimuë Berkowitz (*née* Naomi), a would-be poetess whose most articulate utterance is "Oh, wow!" We watch as he seduces his beautiful upstairs neighbor, Stella Poore-Moody, whose husband absconds to London with a burlesque stripper named Dolly Divine and her sisters Sugar Plum and Candy Peaches. Kraven's own seduction, as well as that of Stella's husband, by the repulsive old Professor Diotima von Hoden, who has devised a cunning, foolproof aphrodisiac out of three rare mushrooms, is wildly funny, the stuff of Chaucerian *fabliaux*.

All is not fun and games in *Kraven Images*, however, for the professor's personal and professional lives collapse when a coed accuses him of sexual harassment, her radical boyfriend completely trashes Kraven's apartment, and Chairman Papa Doc discovers that Kraven's academic credentials are bogus and terminates his academic career. Kraven takes up the search for Stella's decamped husband, which leads him back to the village in rural England where, as a boy, he and his Viennese relatives had lived out World War II—until a stray German bomb killed virtually all of them.

Isler's preoccupation with the boy's youth, the fate of Jews in World War II, and the Kraven ghosts he must exorcise in England dominates the ending of the novel and suffuses it with an excess of sentiment. The book ends with Kraven broke, abandoned by Stella and without a career, a home, or a life. He is sitting in a hotel room—rather like Saul Bellow's Tommy Wilhelm in *Seize the Day*—weeping at the fragility of the human condition and the pity of his (once again) shattered life. The fictional return to England is charged with nostalgia—an emotion difficult to make other people understand. I missed in *Kraven Images* the bittersweet blend of pathos and farce he achieved in *The Prince of West End Avenue*. Still, Isler means us to understand Kraven as a survivor who has come through the wreckage of his life and intends to start again. ♦

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STAN GREENBERG ASSOCIATES

"Sucking Up to the Middle Class Since 1992"

To: Hillary

From: Stan

Re: Adopt-a-Kid '96

Good news! We have found a child! And I think you'll be very happy because, as you requested, we have found a child who looks like America. Even better, he looks like that part of America that will determine the next election.

I checked with the Times-Mirror company and they confirm that this two-year-old boy has a DNA-sociodemographic profile that marks him as a perfect "Anxious Middle." He is from Macomb County, Michigan (please see my March 16 memo on the importance of Macomb as a key battleground), with a Polish-Hispanic-American Indian-Southern Baptist working-class ancestry, an alliance that trended GOP in the '80s but has since been dealigning. His mother earns $18,000 a year, but her salary is stagnating, and she recently had her heating subsidies reduced as part of Governor Engler's cost-cutting measures.

As you know, Dick Morris was hoping we could pick a kid whose mother has suffered personal trauma (Dick has excellent contacts in the rapist community). But then Bob Bennett provided us with a list of attractive single mothers who have contacted the White House on another matter entirely, and it was from that list that this kid was selected.

As for what you call "Operation Dynasty," I'm afraid the news is not so good. I've contacted advisers in the Justice Department who say it will not be easy to have the child selected as Dauphin in the year 2001 so you can rule the country as Regent. According to their reading of the Constitution, America is not a hereditary monarchy, and it will not be possible for the President to name his successor when he leaves office. I know we have discussed the possibility of having Maggie Williams go into the National Archives one night and make the Constitution "disappear." But I don't think that will work either, as we are told there are copies that Ken Starr's office might have access to.

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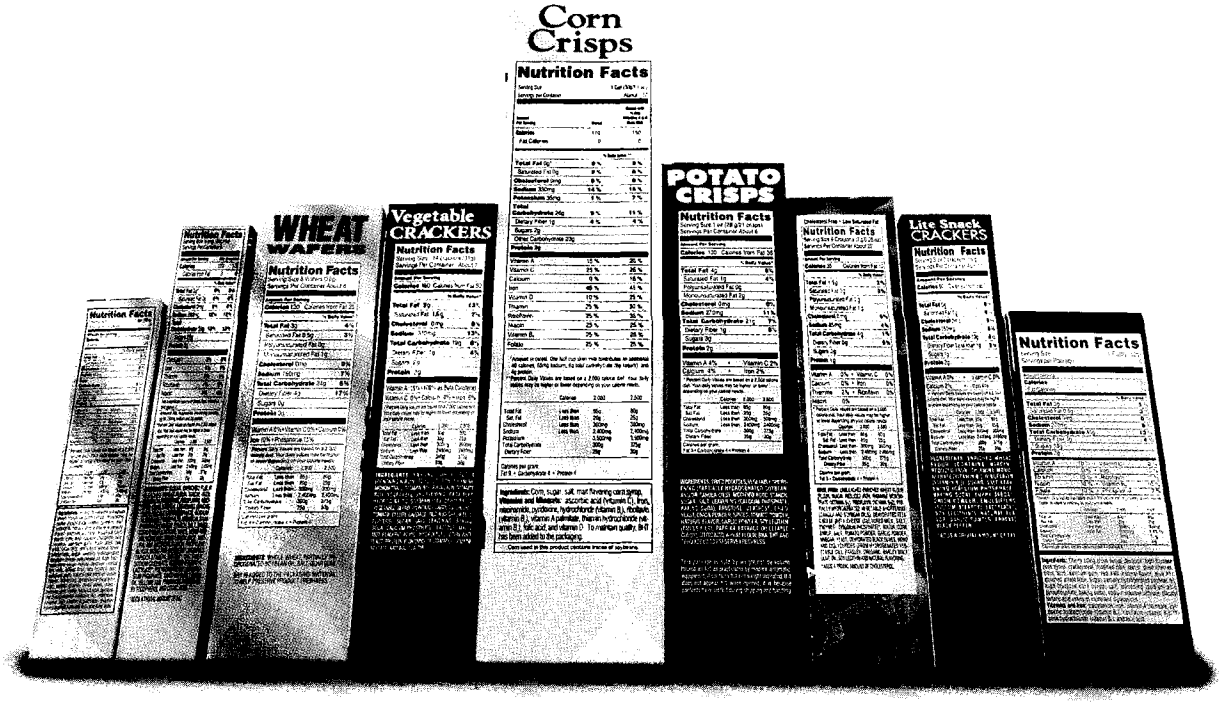

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